CAMP AND FIELD.

PAPERS FROM THE PORTFOLIO

OF AN

ARMY CHAPLAIN,

BY

THE REV. JOS. CROSS, D. D.

BOOK SECOND.

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BOOK SECOND.

NEW DISPENSATION

"I read of bright embattled fields;
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields;
Of chiefs whose single arm could boast
Prowess to dissipate a host."

COWPER.

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MISCELLANEA.

(JANUARY, 1863.)

"The crown of manhood is a winter joy,
An evergreen that bears the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate."

Young.

A VOICE from the east—a voice from the west—a voice from the north—a voice from the south—voices on all the winds of heaven—voices of promise and of warning—anthems of hope, and threnes of despair!

The vagabonds have abandoned Vicksburg, returning up the river five thousand less than they came. The cities of the Southern Coast are confident of success and defiant of the foe. The blockade has been raised at Charleston, at Galveston, and at Sabine Pass. Semmes and Maffitt are capturing and destroying rich prizes upon the sea; and Morgan, Forrest, Wheeler, Wharton, and Van Dorn, are making glorious benfires upon the land.

Meanwhile auroral streaks are shooting up from the Northern horizon. The press is waxing fierce in its denunciations of the arch-fiend and his Pandemonium. The Ohio Sampson is smiting the Philistines hip and thigh. The Abolitionists are seconding the Democrats in a demand for peace. The state authorities are determined to resist the tyrant, and protect their citizens against arbitrary arrests. "The city of confusion" cries for bread, and wails bitterly for her "unreturning brave." Taxation, starvation, conscription, are working infallibly toward revolution, insurrection, and secession. Sambo, the forlorn hope of Yankee Doodle, hath an unsavory odor to his brethren, and they refuse his fellowship in arms. The potent Railsplitter, maddened by the incipient revulsion of the popular mind, sets the foot down more firmly than ever, and swings his murderous maul as if he meant to cleave his empire in the direction of the poles. Growler has snapped at the shadow and lost the meat. Pandora's box is open at both ends. "Wo to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea, for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

During the month of January I sojourn at Shelby-ville. The Rev. Adam S. Riggs makes me welcome and happy at his house. He is a good man, and God has given him a goodly heritage and an agreeable family. The Rev. F. S. Petway sheds the light of his countenance upon the company, and sweetens our social paradise with the melody of his incomparable voice. Miss Sue, who is fond of music, has a favorite air, for which she wants a song. The gold is forthwith cast into the fire, and there cometh out this calf:—

When Rosecrans came, with his legions,
Athirst for Confederate blood,
To ravage our beautiful regions
And scatter destruction abroad—
He vaunted the great constitution
And flaunted the Federal rag,
But his forces were put to confusion
Before the Confederate Flag.

McCown was all ready to meet them
At earliest dawning of day,
And Cleburn and Withers and Cheatham
Led forth to the desperate fray;
And we gave them a terrible Polking,
Cheered on by our valorous Bragg;
And the Rebels, they found, were not joking
About the Confederate Flag.

And Carnes, with the crash of his thunder,
And the fierce fulminations of Cobb,
Made them own that their plan was a blunder,
And sorely repent of the job;
While Wheeler and Wharton, in saddle,
At the rear of their wavering rag,
Forced the murderous thieves to "skedaddle"
Before the Confederate Flag.

Then Breckenridge, buoyant and plucky,
With Hanson, led forward the brave,
And many a son of Kentucky
Lay down in a glorious grave.
Now health to the Chief of the nation!
And health to the chivalrous Bragg!
Let us hope for the day of salvation,
And sing the Confederate Flag!

The young lady discovers, the next day, that she needs another song, for another favorite air. So the water is turned once more upon the wheel. The

stream is small, the revolution is slow, and the machinery works not very smoothly; but upon going below, the following is found in the trough:

O, tell me of the city,
The Saviour's royal seat!
O, tell me of the sainted ones
I long so much to meet!
They once were here in anguish,
And fought the fight with me;
And O, I hope, in that bright home,
Their radiant forms to see!

O, tell me of the music
That glads the golden hills!
O, tell me of the tranquil joy
That every bosom fills!
I know that they are singing
Their sweet immortal lays;
And harp, and trump, and angel voice,
Are blending with their praise.

O, tell me of the palm-wreath,
Each brow in glory bears!
O, tell me of the snowy robe,
Each honored victor wears!
The former things are vanished,
And dangers all are o'er;
And War's alarm, and battle din,
Are heard in Heaven no more.

O, tell me of the landscape
Arrayed in fadeless bloom!
O, tell me of the blessed day,
Which knows no evening gloom!
No sickness there, nor sadness,
Nor parting words, are known:
And lo, the Everlasting Light,
The Lamb amidst the throne!

The happy ones are meeting,
Before the pearly gate;
And angel forms, to welcome them,
Beside the portals wait;
And every tear of sorrow,
Transmuted to a gem,
Doth beautify with beams divine,
The golden diadem.

O, hark! I hear them calling!
Their voices sweetly say,—
"Make haste to join our fellowship!
Make haste, and come away!"
I come, I come, to greet you,
And claim my blissful home!
O, Lamb of God! to see thy face,
And sing thy love, I come!

Shelbyville is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, with six churches, and no pastor. The Methodist minister, the Rev. J. S. Malone, lives upon his plantation, nine miles distant. Sabbath morning, the seventeenth, I am to preach in his pulpit. General Cheatham occupies the preacher's office, under the very droppings of the sanctuary. I will call and invite his attendance.

"General, I have brought the Gospel to your door to-day; will you go and hear it?"

"Thank you, Doctor! go in; I'll follow you."

He comes, listens, returns to his quarters. The chaplain rides to camp, and preaches to Colonel Stanton's new regiment, which has recently been added to the brigade. The Colonel will prove himself a good officer if he ever succeeds in making soldiers of such material.

The next day, I have an engagement to visit Brother Malone with Chaplain Cherry. Chaplain Cherry is one of the most faithful and efficient of the Lord's laborers in the army Social, genial, diligent, indefatigable, no man is more popular with his regiment. But will he ride nine miles in this cold and bitter rain? Most indubitably. His fidelity to his promises is one of his chief characteristics. Aye, here he comes, five minutes before the time. Nine miles of mud knee-deep, and torrents pouring from the clouds. We are in a pretty pickle, and it is growing dark. But here is the rural manse, a log house of two rooms, with a log-kitchen in the rear, connected to the former by an open shed.

I was always afraid of rattle-snakes, drunkards, and dogs.

"Brother Cherry, we had better keep our saddles."

"Very well."

"Halloo, within!"

A lady appears at the door.

"Can you keep us to-night, Madam?"

"I don't think we can; our house is full of company."

"We have ridden a long way through the mud and rain, Madam, and are very wet and weary."

"Perhaps you could find entertainment at the next house."

"But we want to stay here, Madam; it is now dark, and we can go no farther; will you allow us

to dry our clothes by the fire, and sleep on our saddles and blankets under that shed?"

- "O, certainly, sir; but that will be very poor accommodation?"
- "We can put up with it, Madam; we have often fared worse."
- "Well, alight, gentlemen; we will see what we can do for you; my husband is yonder at the stable; he will make some provision for your horses; but I don't know where he can put them, for I'm sure the stable is full. O, Mr. Malone!"

We go to meet him. At first he answers us much as his wife has done. The vocal disguise, however, does not long avail. We are identified in the darkness, and a merry laugh ensues; and Fanny and Peggy, over a bounteous manger, laugh with us. In a few moments we are part of a very happy circle;

"The great fire up the chimney roars;"

sumptuous viands smoke upon the table; and seldom has the writer enjoyed a more delightful visit.

Our host's father is a superannuated minister of the Gospel, entirely helpless, tied up into knots by rheumatism; but he suffers patiently, even cheerfully; trusting in the Savior he has recommended so often to the faith of others, waiting calmly for his change, and illustrating the line—

" Affliction is the good man's shining scene."

On the twenty-fourth I go to the Presbyterian

Church to hear the Rev. Mr. Bunting, Chaplain to the Texas Rangers, my neighbor in San Antonio. Retiring after service, I meet a lady who has waited in the aisle to speak with me. It is Mrs. Ragsdale. The poor woman is weeping bitterly. The traitor that tyrannizes at Nashville has made her a widow. The Rev. B. II. Ragsdale was one of the most honest and inoffensive of men. Because he would not perjure his soul by the odious Federal oath, Johnson imprisoned him in the penitentiary till his health gave way, and then released him, to be borne in a few days to the silent home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"another martyr to the cause of Southern independence—another accuser before the Eternal Throne! "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

"Some ills we wish for when we wish to live."

The Rebel Banner publishes an amusing incident, which is too good not to be true. A few days after the late battle at Murfreesboro', the streams being much swollen by the recent rains, a railroad bridge between that town and Nashville gave way before the flood. A body of Yankees, posted in a strong stockade at the place, saw the structure tottering and tumbling; and, imagining that Morgan was there, fled to their breastworks, and poured a deadly volley into the falling timbers and foaming tide. The

report startled the surrounding country; the citizens came out to see the fight; and thus the news of this glorious achievement was given to the four winds of heaven.

A fortnight with the Rev. S. S. Moody, two miles from town—a sad pleasure. His race is almost run. For thirty-five years he has led the life of a devoted Christian. For thirty-three years he has been a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. And now he

"Walks softly on the solemn, silent shore Of that vast ocean he must sail so soon;"

occasionally getting sweet glimpses of "the land that is very far off," where he hopes ere long to "see the King in his beauty." His wife is a model woman, one of the kindest and best I have ever known. His oldest son is treading in his father's footsteps, and the vows of God are upon him. His other children are as amiable as correct discipline and good example can make them. His house is one of the fountains I have met with in the desert. Farewell, sweet friends! One of your number, certainly, I shall see no more till the resurrection of the just. Then I will thank you all again for your manifold kindnesses.*

The most carefully prepared statistics of the current war go to show that the carnage on both sides has rarely been equaled in the history of the world. Half a million have perished; some upon the battle field, some afterward from their wounds, and some

^{*}The good man died, in great peace, about two months afterwards.

from diseases engendered in camp. Three hundred and twenty-five thousand of these victims were Federals; one hundred and seventy-five thousand, Confederates. Only think of it! half a million of men butchered in two years, half a million of souls precipitated into eternity; and three times as many left desolate and heart-broken upon earth! Think of it, ye magnates of the North! Think of it, ye fierce preachers of the Yankee Gospel!

"In a wild and weird procession,

They sweep by my startled eyes;

And, stern with their fate's fruition,

Seem melting in blood-red skies;"

on their way to the "Great White Throne," to bear witness against their own murderers, the bereavers of their aged mothers and defenseless sisters, the ruthless causes of widowhood to their wives and of orphanage to their babes! "When he maketh inquisition for blood, He remembereth them."

The outrages of the Yankee government and the Yankee army are daily increasing in number and enormity. A returned captive reports that he and his comrades were immured in a stable, and obliged to travel five days with only one meal of victuals. Twelve surgeons, who remained in charge of our wounded after the battle of Murfreesboro', have addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, detailing the gross indignities heaped upon them while at the North, in direct contravention of the rules of the cartel. They were imprisoned with convicts and deserters, marched through the streets as prisoners of

war, hooted and jeered at by the mob, and robbed of their money, clothing, and surgical instruments. Rosecrans is busy in Middle Tennessee, collecting and burning agricultural implements of every description; and has just issued an order, commanding all such as cannot give satisfactory assurance of their loyalty, to be ready for Dixie in ten days. Everywhere within the Yankee lines, religious liberty is totally subverted. Military officers take charge of the churches, depose their ministers, appoint their successors, and order both the matter and the manner of public worship; and men who never pray themselves, "whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness," prescribe prayers for the pulpit, and undertake to regulate the intercourse of the congregation with God. Here is a picture from Helena, Arkansas, which I cut from the Chicago Times, a paper lately interdicted in the Federal army:—

"Since the 1st of January, the children of Ham are having a hard time of it. They are free, with no one to care for them, nothing to live on, half clothed, and worse fed. God only knows what will become of the poor creatures.

"Colonel Bussey, commandant, is a true gentleman, and well liked. Prompt, courteous, and business-like, he is a good man for the position. Every day negroes are coming into his camp with their little bundles, claiming protection and food. Thursday afternoon the following actual event took place:

"J. B. Pillow, brother of the rebel General, who has a beautiful plantation a few miles from Helena, and who was worth half a million of dollars previous to the war, came into camp, through the lines, with one hundred and eighty-three negroes, of both sexes and of all ages. At the head of his servants who followed in single file, he walked to the Colonel's headquarters where the following conversation took place:

- " 'Good morning, sir. '
- " 'Good morning, sir. '
- "'Where is the commander of the post?'
- " 'Before you, sir.'
- "'Well, Colonel, here is my small charge, in the shape of free American citizens of African descent, which I deliver over to you. Here is a correct list of their names, ages, sexes, and occupations. Please send them on to the President, with my compliments, and say to him that, if he wishes anything else under my roof, on my grounds, or in my pockets, all he has to do is to ask and receive.'
- "'Mr. Pillow, I cannot receive these people; I have no food for them have nothing for them to do—have not food enough for our soldiers, hardly.'
- "'And I cannot use them; I had bacon to keep them on, but it has been stolen. I had corn, but it has been gobbled. Now I have nothing for them to eat, and as Lincoln has turned this army into a nigger boarding-house, you will please to seat these people at your table.'
 - " 'But I have no such power.'
- "'Then give them work. If you fail to manage them, I will teach you. That art can be learned in about thirty years.'
 - "'I have nothing for them to do.'
- "'Nor have I. You will not see them starve, I hope. I am a loyal man—have been a prosperous one, but can no longer care for hese people. You have surely some use for them. Nearly all trades are here represented among the men. The women you can find use for somewhere.'
 - " 'Well, I can't take them.'
- "'Colonel, what will they live on? Can you sell me corn and bacon? They will starve unless you do?
 - "' No, I cannot.'
 - " 'And you cannot keep them?'
 - " 'No. '
 - "'Well, God only knows what will become of them."
- "At the head of his old servants he left, and the free people followed him back, crying and wondering what next will come in their behalf. The poor creatures come into camp, steal provisions, etc., are kicked and cuffed about by all hands, and at times most

unmercifully pounded by some soldier, who will not stand their sass.' The only idea ninety-five of every hundred of the slaves have of freedom is ease, freedom from labor, theft and lust.''

I devote the conclusion of this Paper to Mr. Lincoln's immortality. This book is to be read by all future generations, and the author desires to preserve from oblivion the illustrious origin of the potent splitter of rails and republics to the very dawn of the world's doom. The following is from the pen of "One of John Morgan's Original Squadron," a native Kentuckian, a man of intelligence and probity, who knows the matter whereof he affirms, and "feels it to be his duty to lay before the public a true statement of the facts." Mr. Lincoln Hanks Inlow owes him and me eternal gratitude.

"The man known as Abraham Lincoln, who now sits in the seat once occupied respectively by Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and Jackson, was born in the county of Hardin, now the county of Larue, in the State of Kentucky, and about forty miles from where the writer of this article lives when at home. The mother was a single woman, of very low social position, by the name of Hannah Hanks. She was generally reputed to have from one-eighth to one-sixteenth of negro blood in her veins, and always associated with negroes on terms of equality. According to the statement of Hannah Hanks, her illegitimate child was the son of Abraham Inlow, (who was still alive and in Kentucky in September, 1861.) I have, myself, heard her make this statement. Moreover, Inlow always claimed the child as his own. Here, then, is the testimony of the two witnesses most conversant with the facts, both establishing beyond cavil that Inlow is Lincoln's father.

"I will here give you a few facts in regard to Inlow. He was originally from North Carolina, but emigrated to Kentucky when very young. He is quite tall, being about six feet three inches in height. He goes barefoot in the summer, and I have never seen him with a coat on but once. His pants are held up by one sug-

perder only, worn over the left shoulder. His nose is disfigured by having a piece about the size of a dime bit out of it in a fight.

"When little Abe was four years and six months old, his mother intermarried with a man by the name of Lincoln, and the boy was afterwards called by his step-father's name. One night old Lincoln coming home and finding Inlow at his house, felt those pangs which once disturbed the noble Othello, and caused him to immolate the spotless Desdemona. He felt those sad pangs, but he did not go off into soliloquies, nor talk tragedy, but, like a backwoodsman of the coarser mould, he pitched into Inlow, and they had a regular 'setto.' Lincoln bit off a portion of Inlow's nose, and the latter deprived Lincoln of one joint of his thumb. After this affair old Lincoln became extremely cruel to Abe, and his mother found it necessary to send him to live with a lady who lived in the neighborhood. There he remained till he was about thirteen years of age. By this time he was able to work on the farm, and old Liucoln relented towards him, and permitted him to return and live with him. The lady who gave Abe a home at this time, was Mrs. McBryde, who afterwards moved to Nashville, Tennessee, and who was still living on the 15th of February, 1862, at which time the writer of this article saw her and conversed with her. She can substantiate the statements here made. During Abe's residence at Mrs. McBryde's, he was sent to an ordinary old field school for three years, and there obtained the rudiments of a rough education.

"After his return home he went no more to school. Neither old Lincoln nor his wife (Abe's mother) could read, and could not see the use of an education. Abe was now put to hard work, and was even compelled to work on Sundays. This he could not stand, so he ran away from Lincoln, and went as a hand on an Ohio flat boat. From this position he was promoted to the position of a deck hand, on a steamboat. Afterwards he quit the river, went into Illinois near Springfield, and became clerk of a saw mill. He soon afterwards studied law, and commenced practicing before magistrates' courts. With his subsequent history the public are acquainted, and I do not propose to speak of it, my object being to supply information concerning that portion of his life which seemed to be least anderstood.

"There are two prominent facts in this brief recital to which I

would call attention. One of these is the African blood and low association of Abe Lincoln's mother. Here it was that he must have obtained his notions of negro equality. Having imbibed it in his mother's milk, can we expect him ever to rise superior to it? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?'

"The other circumstance to which I have alluded, and which doubtless had a potent influence in the formation of Abe's character, was the cruel treatment which he received from his step-father. This had the effect of hardening a nature by no means soft, and rendering him a fit tool for carrying out the hellish purposes of the Abolition party. Let no man deceive himself with hopes based on any supposed feeling of humanity in Lincoln's nature. The bastard son of Hannah Hanks—the victim of a step-father's cruelty—has a grudge against the human family. His early training makes it impossible for him to feel the 'dint of pity,' and he will repay upon society, with interest, the cruelty which in early life he experienced."

CONFEDERATE FAST.

(MARCH 27, 1863.)

"O, glorious solace of immense distress!

A conscience and a God!"

WATTS.

Brig. Gen. Donelson is now promoted to a Major Generalship, and placed in charge of the Department of East Tennessee. Having been with him six months, he desires me to accompany him to his new command, and Gen. Bragg readily consents to the arrangement. We set out from Shelbyville on the second of February; and, after a tedious trip of four days, arrive in Knoxville, where the General establishes his Headquarters.

To dwell in a house, and lie upon a bed, and sit upon a chair, and eat at a table—is this military life? A new dispensation, at least; and not altogether disagreeable during this cold and stormy weather. Besides, it affords me a better opportunity of writing than I have enjoyed for many a month; and I have a mind to improve it, not knowing what may be on the morrow.

Of preaching, I have plenty to do—in the churches, the hospitals, and the surrounding camps. My

Brother Sullins often presses me into service, and the soldiers always listen with apparent pleasure. Pity that so many battalions, regiments, and even brigades, are without chaplains. Yet it is no wonder, considering the estimate of their sacred office, as indicated by the pay allowed them, the privileges granted them, and the treatment they too often receive from commanding officers. These things have caused many of our best chaplains to resign, and hindered others from the work in which they would gladly have engaged. Thus the irreligion of high places proves a curse to the country and the army, and occasions the ruin of many an immortal soul.

Friday, the twenty-seventh of March, having been appointed by the President of these Confederate States as a day of fasting and prayer, a large concourse of devout worshippers present themselves in the First Presbyterian Church at Knoxville, to whom the chaplain holds forth this Evangel, which he repeats at a subsequent hour of the same day to the Third Alabama Battalion in camp:

"We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." Psalm xx: 5.

So sang, nearly three thousand years ago, the peerless son of Jesse—the sweetest of poets, the grandest of monarchs, the bravest of warriors, and the most magnanimous of conquerors. The words of such a man are worthy of universal attention; and the text furnishes a motto suitable alike for the soldier and the saint. The psalm is evidently a

battle song; composed, probably, on the eve of the author's expedition against the invading Syrians, encamped, with their numerous northern allies, on the eastern confines of his kingdom. Its tone is equally pious and patriotic. The Royal Bard earnestly invokes the Divine aid, and joyfully anticipates the Divine blessing. So confident is he, indeed, of victory, that he begins his strain of triumph before he encounters the foe: "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." Let us appropriate the sentiment, and so strengthen our faith in the help of the Lord of Hosts.

I. We find ground of confidence and encourage ment in the cause for which we contend.

That cause is just and holy. Our warfare is purely defensive. We have been guilty of no aggression. We have not invaded Northern homes, nor injured Northern property. We have denied no just rights of our enemies, nor questioned any of their lawful privileges. Fiercely menaced and assailed, we assert the first law of nature, and stand up for self-protection. We fight to repel a savage invasion, to resist a most brutal despotism, and drive back from our borders an infatuated and infuriated foe. We contend for the dearest rights of humanity; for privileges guaranteed to us under the old constitution; for the security of our possessions, and the tranquility of our families; for life, liberty, and the unobstructed pursuit of happiness.

The North has misnamed it a "rebellion." It is

no rebellion. It is the struggle of patriots for independence; the contest of Sovereign states for the right of self-government. The application of the odious term rebellion is the assumption of a superiority on the part of the North—the assumption of an authority over us, of a right to control us, which the constitution never gave. We have better reason for severing our connection with the North than the American colonies had for declaring their independence of Great Britain. It is not an attempt to subvert the Yankee government, but an effort to establish and protect our own. It is not an insurrection against constitutional authority, but a resistance to the vilest tyranny that ever saw the sun. is not a disloyal party opposing their sovereign lord, but an Abel holding back the hand of a Cain that would smite him to the dust.

This is the universal feeling of the South. We are of one heart and one soul. Never before, in any nation, has there been such unanimity of sentiment, and such a spirit of self-sacrifice. The consciousness of right gives confidence and courage, and renders a people invincible. The enemy may have more men, more money, more munitions of war; but what avail such advantages against the patriotic valor and heroic endurance of those who battle for the right—for home, and wife, and children, and all that is dear to the human heart?

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

A gallant young Virginian, who stood amid the "leaden rain and iron hail" of the first conflict at Manassas, till five bullets pierced his clothes, two of which penetrated his person, subsequently said to me, "I should certainly have fled if I had been fighting in another cause, but I felt that I was right, and this conviction bound my feet and nerved my hands." A soldier, mortally wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, observed to a Christian minister that visited him, "I am dying, sir; but I am not afraid to die; nor am I sorry to have been slain in battle; for I would cheerfully give a dozen lives, if I had them, for such a cause as ours."

Can such men be conquered? Can such patriotism be subdued? Can truth, justice and liberty perisl. beneath the bloody wheels of the tyrant? May we not appropriate the prayer of David, "Arise, O God! plead thine own cause! let not man prevail against Thee!" May we not justly expect the aid of Almighty Goodness, and sing with "the Monarch Minstrel," as we march forth to meet the foe, "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners!"

II. We find ground of confidence and encouragement in the prevalent religious sentiment of the South.

We are a Christian people. With humility be it spoken, and with penitence for our numerous delinquencies, as befits the solemnity of the day. We are a christian people. God, and his holy law, and his all-controlling providence, are recognized in the

constitution of our government, in the proclamations of our President, and in the faith and feelings of our citizen soldiery. Whatever of moral dereliction or religious indifference may prevail in certain localities and among certain classes, the masses of the community certainly revere the Bible, observe the Sabbath, and respect the house of prayer. One-fourth, at least, of all the Southern people, are communicants in the several orthodox branches of the Christian Church. The fanatical infidelity of the Northern mind never throve in our soil; the blasphemous neology of New England Socinianism cannot breathe in our atmosphere; and the demons with which the profligate spiritualistic free-lovers of New York, Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati hold commerce, if they ever crossed Mason and Dixon's line, wandered through dry places seeking rest, and finding none returned to their house whence they came out.

Our soldiers are not ashamed to confess Christ in the camp; and often their Captains, Colonels and Generals in command lead their public devotions. The Christian clergy is largely represented in our army, and some of the best fighting hitherto done has been done by consecrated hands. The Bible keeps fellowship with the bayonet and the bullet, and the voice of prayer and sacred song may be heard amid the confusion of the camp and the roar of battle. Among our citizens and soldiers alike there is an almost universal feeling of dependence upon the Heavenly Providence, and a common

reference of our cause to the control of the Infinite Mind and the support of the Almighty Arm.

Hear the testimony of a foreigner. The correspondent of the London Index, writing from Maryland, says: "I have never seen a strong religious sentiment so generally prevalent as I find it among the Southern soldiers. Of twenty men with whom I conversed, seventeen were professors of religion; and the eighteenth told me that he was a man of prayer, and that he looked to God as his protector. A plain, unlettered Georgia boy said, 'In all my intercourse with these Yankees, I have never heard them allude to what God can do. They talk about what a million of men can do, and what millions of money can do, and what iron-clad gunboats can do; but they leave God out of the calculation altogether. But, sir, the Lord is our trust, and he will be our defense!' Another said that with God above, and Gen. Lee to lead them, they had nothing to fear from men. Such is the spirit of the whole Southern people; and history furnishes no legends more touching and glorious than the story of their sacrifice, endurance, and hope in God."

During the bombardment of the batteries at Acquia Creek, soon after the commencement of the war, the gallant Maury, then in command of our defenses, was more than once upon his knees. At the first battle of Manassas, Gen. Holmes said to one of his chaplains: "You are not in your right place, sir; retire from the field, go to the rear, and implore

the blessing of God upon our arms." He afterwards remarked to me, "We have men enough to fight, not half enough to pray; prayer is mightier than the sword." And Lee and Hill are both devout men, who commit their ways unto the Lord and trust in Him to direct their paths. And Jackson, the Havelock of our army, never goes into an engagement without first asking the help of Heaven, nor comes out without a public act of thanksgiving to God; and in all his bulletins and reports, he constantly ascribes his success to the Divine blessing. And both before and after the splendid achievement of Kirby Smith at Richmond, Ky., that brave and intrepid officer was on his knees in his tent; and at Lexington he took the place of the fugitive rector, and conducted public worship in the Episcopal Church. And our gallant Bishop General laid not aside his religion with his lawn, but brought it with him into the army; and in his military life he maintains the character of a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," constantly attending the sanctuary wherever he sojourns with his command, and with true Christian catholicity often participating in the devotions of other communions than his own. And the Gideon of your host in Tennessee, the gallant artillerist of Buena Vista, though not a communicant, is a vestryman of the Protestant Episcopal Church,* who deems it very important that his soldiers should have the means of grace, affords all possible facilities to his chaplains in their holy work, and for the success

^{*} General Bragg has since received the ordinance of confirmation.

of his measures trusts more in God than in "grape." And our Chief Magistrate, himself a man of devout habits, has summoned us this day to the house of worship, to humble ourselves before the face of Almighty God, in a proclamation which, like all its predecessors from the same source, breathes the true spirit of enlightened piety, moving us to remember "that we are dependent upon God for all things, that to Him alone we can trust for our deliverance, that to Him is due devout thankfulness for the signal mercies bestowed upon us, and that by prayer only can we hope to secure the continued manifestation of that protecting care which has hitherto shielded us in the midst of trials and dangers."

Who can guess what interest our solemn assemblies excite "in the heavenly places?" If "there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," how must those blessed beings be affected by the spectacle of a nation in penitential prayer? And if "the Father of the spirits of all flesh" has encouraged His suffering children to call upon Him in the day of trouble, with the assurance that He will deliver them out of all their distresses, how can we doubt that He will listen most graciously to the supplications of a whole people prostrate before Him in the dust? There are ten states obeying the Presidential proclamation, with an average of at least fifty churches in each open for religious services, making five hundred in all; and we must reckon as many more worshipping congregations in the army, swelling the number to a thousand; and thus we

have a thousand sermons preached, two thousand public prayers offered, and three thousand psalms and hymns making music for the ear of God. Now if we allow only two hundred souls to each of these assemblies, which is a low estimate, it gives us two hundred thousand worshippers; and if half of these "worship in spirit and in truth," as charity would prompt us to hope, there are a hundred thousand hearts breathing out their supplications to Him whose eyes are over the righteous and whose ears are open to their cry. And there are many more, in localities occupied by the enemy, where the day cannot be thus observed—wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and aged fathers of our officers and soldiers—whose souls are in full sympathy with the thousands that throb in camp and temple. And many a poor sufferer in the hospital, and many a captive in the cruel hands of the oppressor, have heard of our present occupation, and joined us in spirit at "the Throne of Grace." Hark! it is the symphony of a nation ascending on the wings of the wind: "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners."

III. We find ground of confidence and encouragement in the manifest interpositions of Heaven on our behalf.

The dying Wesley said: "The best of all is, God is with us." The Southern army, the whole Southern people, have appropriated the sentiment. How often in the camp, and on the march, and amid the perils of battle, have I heard the Forty-sixth Psalm quoted

with an emphasis that proclaimed it the utterance of the heart! "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

When the Second Tennessee Regiment were going into the battle of Manassas, they met an officer, badly wounded, and borne upon a blanket, who waved his cap and cried, "Forward, Captain! the day is ours, for God is with us!" The enemy came with twice our number, completely armed and equipped; and their ambulances and baggage wagons were marked for the Capitol Square at Richmond; and the festive table was spread in anticipation of the victory; and women were there from Washington to dance in Southern blood. But Jehovah looked forth from his pillar of fire, and troubled the host of the Egyptians; and they that came out against us one way fled before us seven ways; and the grateful chorus rang through all our camps, and resounded in all our sanctuaries-"The right hand of the Lord is exalted! the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly!"

And through His gracious aid our troops were triumphant in the second conflict upon the same field, at Leesburg also, and at Sharpsburg, and on the Chickahominy, and "the pleasant Rappahannock;" for men of God were there to lead them, breathing the fervent faith of good King Asa, when he went forth with a mere handful of men against Zera the Ethiopian, who came to meet him at the head of an immense army, with a formidable array of horses and chariots: "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with him that hath no might; help us, O Lord our God, we beseech Thee; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude."

And who gave us the victory at Belmont, in Missouri, and at Richmond, in Kentucky? And who sustained us at Shiloh, and strengthened us at Perryville, and fought for us at Murfreesboro'? "If it had not been the Lord that was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the proud waves had gone over our soul. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird from the hand of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord that made heaven and earth."

True, we have had some serious reverses; as at Fishing Creek, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, New Orleans and Arkansas Post. They were necessary to awaken our vigilance and elicit our energies, to test our faith in God and teach us our dependence upon His power. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him;" but though we see Him not, His eye

is upon us, and His hand is ready to help us; and when these severe trials shall have wrought their proper effect upon our people, "He shall bring forth our righteousness as the light and our judgment as the noon-day."

"For freedom's battle, once begun, Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, Though baffled oft, is ever won."

It is good to have a President every way competent to the responsibilities of his position. It is a great blessing to have wise statesmen to make laws and faithful officers to execute them. It is a wellspring of joy and hope to know that our Generals are skillful in command, and that our soldiers are brave in battle. And improved weapons, and abundant munitions of war, and ample supplies for the sustenance of our people, all these are excellent advantages. But "the battle is not to the strong;" and "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are fallen and brought down; but we are risen, and stand upright."

"If the Lord be for us, who can be against us?" our foes may outnumber us two to one; but Jehovah is an infinite majority. All hearts are in His hand. All agencies are subject to His will. All the elements of nature await His sovereign word. If he speak.

the waters shall retire to make a path for His people through the deep, walling in their way as with adamant, and rushing back with ruin upon their foes. If he command, the earth shall open her mouth to devour those who fight against his servants, or fiery serpents shall bite them, or noisome pestilence shall waste them, or their bread shall become their bane. Yea, "they fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

The Lord of hosts cannot want for means to accomplish his purposes. A breath of impoisoned air, a drop of malignant dew, or the fang of a microscopic worm, is as mighty in His hand as flood, earthquake, volcanic eruption, or tempest of fire and brimstone. "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "Is there any number of His armies?" "Thousand thousand minister unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him." If a single angel in one night smote all the first-born of Egypt-if a single angel in one night slew a hundred and eightyfive thousand Assyrians at the gate of Jerusalem-if a single angel in one day destroyed seventy thousand men of Israel for the sin of David in numbering the people-what have we to fear, while the mountains round about us are all radiant with the horses and chariots of fire? "For the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even many thousands of angels: the Lord is in the midst of them, as in Sinai, in the holy place."

"Crush out the rebellion?" Nay, let them crush

out the sun! "Pulverize the Confederacy?" Nay. let them pulverize the planets! "Arrest the course of this revolution?" Nay, let them arrest the revolution of the spheres! When they can baffle the Infinite wisdom and break the Almighty arm, then may they conquer a people whom Heaven has determined to make free and independent, whom he has chosen as the guardians of the African race and the conservators of Christianity upon this continent. If the "unjust judge, who feared not God neither regarded men," would avenge of her adversary the poor widow who was likely to weary him with her continual coming, "shall not God avenge His own elect, who cry unto Him day and night, though He bear long with them? I tell you He will avenge them speedily." Will He now abandon those whom He has hitherto so manifestly aided? What are the late effusions of His Holy Spirit upon our soldiers but the demonstration of His favor to our cause, the voice of Jehovah, saying: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel!"

Here, then, let us set up our Ebenezer, and sing the song of David: "The Lord is my rock, and my

fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised; so shall I be saved from mine enemies. Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble; thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance. For by thee I have run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall. It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect. He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places. He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms. Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle; thou hast given me the shield of thy salvation; and thy right hand hath holden me up; and thy gentleness hath made me great. Through thee will we push down our enemies; through thy name will we tread them under foot that rise up against us. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me; but thou hast saved us from our enemies, and put them to shame that hated us. We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners."

And now for consistency! Let our works accord with our faith. Let us not provoke by our vices Him in whom we trust for our victories. Let us cease to do evil, and learn to do well, and put away our wickedness from before the face of the Lord. We all have sins to repent of, and some of them are sins of great enormity and manifold aggravation.

There is a spirit of profanity to be checked; a habit of cursing and swearing, which is the most irrational and least defensible of all wicked practices; a sin without temptation and without apology, as unprofitable as it is impious, and as contrary to true refinement as it is to good morals. Let us no longer, by such superfluous folly, offend our Almighty Ally, and alienate from our interest the Judge of all the earth. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

There is a spirit of speculation to be cured; an accursed greed of gain, a degrading idolatry of Mammon,

"The least crected Spirit of them that fell, with thoughts and looks Forever downward bent, admiring more The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold. Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed In vision beatific."

He who can speculate on the necessities of our soldiers and the sufferings of our people at such a time as this, would distill silver from the widow's tears, and convert the orphan's bread into gold for his coffers. Nay, he would sell his country, and put its price in his pocket!

There is a spirit of ambition to be restrained; an inordinate lust of power, a seeking of place and preferment, which is utterly incompatible with true patriotism, to say nothing of piety and philanthropy; hoodwinking conscience, trampling upon principle, rushing over prostrate thousands to grasp the emolu-

ments of office, and for its own glory disregarding all the higher interests of humanity and the menaces of Almighty God. We would fain hope that this picture answers to but few hearts in the Confederate government or the Confederate army; but such unquestionably there are, among the many that care for nothing but the safety and honor of their country; and they should be reminded of their fault, and admonished of their danger, and exhorted to humble themselves before God that he may exalt them in due time.

There is a spirit of frivolty to be chastened; a reckless pursuit of pleasure, an irrational fondness for public amusements and the gay festivities of fashionable life, which contrasts strangely with the condition of our country, the scenes of suffering around us, and the sentiments of the proclamation by which we are summoned to this penitential solemnity. Ye gay officers! ye thoughtless beauties! go visit the gory battle-field, go walk through the wards of your hospitals, go count the fresh graves in your cemeteries, and then answer, "Is this a time to dance?" Will ye dance to the wail of a nation? Will ye dance over the mangled forms of your slaughtered friends? Will ye dance in the blood of brothers, fathers, husbands, and lovers? Will ye make merry over our public calamities, while your Chief Magistrate calls you to mourning and supplication, and Patriotism becoming Piety seeks the House of God in sackcloth and ashes?

"Go, fling your festal robes away!
Go, don the mourner's sable veil!
Go, bow before your God and pray,
If yet your prayers may aught avail!
Go, face the fearful form of death,
And, trembling, meet the chiding glance;
And then, for once with truthful breath,
Answer—Is this a time to dance!"

But why do I particularize? Our sins are legion. "Arise, O God! plead thine own cause!" "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law!" We need a national reformation; and to be national, it must be individual. May it begin at the house of God! "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up; after two days he will revive us; in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is prepared as the morning; he shall come unto us as the rain, as the former and the latter rain unto the earth." Then shall we sing, with the emphasis of a purer patriotism and the zest of a loftier devotion: "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners!"

III.

BENJAMIN F BUTLER

(APRIL, 1863.)

"Believe me, Martius, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixed with too much horror to be envied."

Addison.

"I have lost
The immortal part of me, and what remains
Is bestial."
SHAKSPEARE.

"In the midst of Southern glory and victory, New Orleans sits like Banquo's ghost, or the death's head at an Egyptian feast Painful as the spectacle may be, one salutary reflection is suggested by it to every mind that is capable of reflecting at all. It is this: that however great the suffering which must be caused and endured in desperate and unflinching resistance to the forces of the enemy, no community, city, town or village, county or State, will gain by shirking those calamities through submission to the foe. Vicksburg, Richmond, Charleston, when the cannon of the enemy were trained upon their house-tops, decided on resistance, even though destruction should be its consequence; they demanded it with unanimity and resolution; and their own courage and devotion, more than any other causes, were those which inspired the military leaders to make their streets a camp, and deliver battles at their gates. results were victories; but had they been defeats-even had these towns been sacked outright, their fate would have been less deplorable than that of New Orleans or Nashville, where the wealthy population preferred evacuation and surrender to the horrors of the cannonade and the bombardment. The lot of Fredericksburg is to be envied when compared with that of New Orleans. What have

our unhappy fellow-citizens of that noble metropolis gained by the surrender to Farragut and his gunboat? They have escaped the explosion of certain bombshells. They have escaped at most the conflagration of some streets and squares of houses. But alas! what is the misery that has fallen on them! Twenty sacks would not have drained half the wealth which has been taken away from their substance by the cool, systematic and exhaustive process employed by their Yankee task-masters. If every inhabitant of the city had lost his life in one night by the sword, like those of the cities taken by Tamerlane and Attilla, or those of modern Magdeburg, such misfortune and suffering rationally and dispassionately considered, would have been much less than what they have had to support under the lingering torture of Butler. The human body, torn by shot or shell, affords no pain comparable to that bitter unhappiness which every spirit, however abject, must derive from the eternal insult, repeated robbery, intolerable wrong, and undisguised degration inflicted on the people of New Orleans. Over all broods a horrible apprehension and unutterable foreboding, an anxiety that sickens the heart and parches the throat; for the first of January is near at hand. In New Orleans, if anywhere-there at least almost certainly, will the malignity of Lincoln's proclamation prove it something more than a piece of sportive and innocuous brutality. In New Orleans it may have a sequel to shock all time; and the chances are equal that the next news the world receives from that most wretched city may tell of events to rival the worst of San Domingo.

"Again and again, we repeat, that no part of the Southern people can gain any good, or avoid any evil, by any degree of submission to such a foe as that with which we have to deal. No town in this country would not suffer less by being burnt to ashes, than by falling into the permanent possession of a Yankee army. However terrible may be the lot of those who will fight to the last gasp, and fight without success, their distress will be short and their pains both less numerous and infinitely less severe, than of those who put their trust in the mercy of fiends."

So speaks one of our Southern Journals just after Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg. Another makes mention of Butler in this manner:

"His whole career and rewards are strictly artistic in conception and execution. He was a thief: a sword that he had stolen from a woman, a niece of the brave Twiggs, was presented to him as a reward of valor. He had violated the laws of God and man: the law-makers of the United States voted him thanks, and the preachers of the Yankee gospel of blood came and worshipped him. He had broken into the safes and strong boxes of merchants: the New York Chamber of Commerce gave him a dinner. He had insulted women: things in female attire lavished harlot smiles upon him. He was a murderer: a nation of assassins have deified him. He is at this time the representative man of a people lost to all shame, to all humanity, all justice, all honor, all virtue, all manhood. Cowards by nature, thieves upon principle, and assassins at heart it would be marvelous indeed if the people of the North did not render homage to Benjamin F. Butler-the beastliest, bloodiest poltroon and pick-pocket the world ever saw."

After the surrender of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip below New Orleans, but before the Yankees occupied that ill-fated city, the United States flag was raised over the Mint. William B. Mumford pulled it down; and for this deed Butler doomed him to die. The heart-broken wife went daily to his quarters to plead for her husband. She might better have prayed to a stone, for it would not have mocked her agony. Butler laughed at her tears, and tauntingly invited her to call again. The guard on duty about his quarters, touched by her distress, constantly suffered her to pass unquestioned into the tyrant's presence. For two weeks she continued her visits in vain. Her husband had torn down the accursed symbol of treachery and tyranny, which every free, ho est, patriotic citizen of the South is obliged to regard with ineffable hate and scorn. He must die. With all the dignity of conscious innocence he stood forth to meet his fate. His step was firm. His voice was strong and clear. None who heard his words can ever forget them. Pointing to the stars and stripes that floated high over the crowd, he said, "I once loved and honored that flag. I fought under it twice. But it has become odious to me. I helped to pull it down, trail it in the dust, and tear it to pieces I felt that I was doing right. I would do so again. My death is no disgrace to my wife and children. My country will honor my name. I die in a holy cause." The Emmett of New Orleans will not want his Phillips. The Crescent City will be redeemed, and Mumford's epitaph will be written.

A lady of New Orleans, writing to the Memphis Appeal, gives the following incident:

"I will close my letter with a description of an interview two lady friends had with our quondam tyrant. They called upon him to ask as a favor what they might have demanded as a right.

"After they had stated their business, to which he listened, he turned to the younger, and said: 'Have you, madam, taken the oath of allegiance to the United States?' 'No, sir,' was the reply. 'You are then a rebel?' 'I am.' Turning to the other lady, 'You, madam, I suppose, are a loyal citizen?' I have taken out English papers.' 'You are English by birth?' 'No, sir, only by marriage. My husband being English, the British consul gave me English protection.' 'Ah!' with a fearful grimace, 'If you were born in a stable, would you be a horse?' 'I suppose so, sir,' was the rather curt rejoinder. 'Ah!' another grimace. 'If you were married to a jackass, would your children be donkeys?' Again the lady answered, 'I suppose so.' 'Very well,' with a magnificent wave of the hand. 'When you have taken the oath of allegiance I will talk to you. I have no communication with rebels.'

Another lady was taken in attempting to run the blockade. She had her silver with her. When she was brought before Butler, he asked her some questions, and her replies not satisfying him, he said to her: 'Madam, you are a liar.' She being very passionate, answered, 'Sir, you are another.' After a fiery dispute, he ordered her to prison. She, however, escaped through the intervention of some of his officers, with a few days' imprisonment, and the confiscation of her horses, carriage, and plate."

Take another picture. It is drawn by a gifted! lady, the wife of one of our most distinguished! generals, who has herself experienced the tender: mercies of Benjamin F. Butler:

"Among the many Abolition raids to be recorded when the sad? history of our civil war is written, none will disgrace its pages, more, or will stand out in blacker colors, than the recent one on the Lafourche, both for the vast amount of property destroyed and the insults offered to the ruined inhabitants.

"The Bayou Lafourche, one of the mouths of the Mississippi, begins its course at the old French town of Donaldson, and flows seventy miles to the Gulf, passing through some of the most beautiful and flourishing parishes in Louisiana. The banks of the stream, were thickly lined with magnificent sugar plantations, in a high, state of cultivation, and very valuable for their rich, fertile lands, and for the large number of slaves engaged in working them. Most of these estates were managed by men incapable of bearing arms, or by the families of planters, who were absent, engaged either in the armies or councils of the Confederacy. The ladies, like true. Southern women and patriots, residing on the plantations, overlooked the labor of their negroes, saw to and relieved their wants, and kept them under perfect control, in a state of quietude and content. But soon the shock of war rudely broke in upon this fair scene, and destroyed it for years, if not forever.

"On the 25th of October, a Federal force, four thousand strong, under command of Brigadier General Weitzel, landed at Donaldson, and dividing into two columns, marched down both sides of the bayou. As it is not proposed to write a military sketch, but rather

of the results of conquest, it suffices to say, that the Confederates, commanded by the gallant Mouton, greatly inferior in numbers and hastily organized, were forced to retire, and finally to abandon the country.

"Then began the horrors of the present system of warfare, revengefully adopted by the Lincoln government, and only too effectually carried out by Butler and his officers. Since they have found it impossible to conquer a brave race by civilized means, the Abolitionists have determined to destroy their property make a wild waste of their estates—strike a vital blow at the very source of Southern prosperity, the slaves, and to free them, not from feelings of a false philanthropy—for which Europe mistakingly gives them credit—but for vengeance and the gratification of hatred.

"As the Federals advanced, the negroes on the plantations were incited to rebellion by the troops, were filled with a phrenzy which they, poor wretches, imagined freedom; and dazzled by the brilliant promises made to them, they generally, in a body, abandoned their comfortable homes—forgot the care and benefits of years, seized the wagons, mules, horses, and even carriages, of their owners, robbed them of every transportable article, and swelled by a drunken and disorderly rabble the triumphal march of the ruthless invader. Truly, the Federal General, when he beheld the vast crowd of his sable followers, must have fancied himself a conqueror of old, with his sooty captives from Africa. Roll back the tide of years, and the picture presented was a fitting one for the barbarous days of the Roman Republic.

"On reaching the pretty town of Thibodeaux, situated thirty-five miles down the Lafourche, Gen. Weitzel ended his march and established his camp—and that camp, revolting sight to any one possessed of even the ordinary feelings of humanity or decency. The negroes flocking into it from all parts of the adjacent country, soon raised the number to thousands. There they were seen of all ages, dressed in their holiday finery, with Yankee soldiers (fit associates) all mingled up in disgusting familiarity. Curtis' army, so bitterly denounced by his own papers, could not have been in a state of greater confusion or demoralization. To make temporary shelters for themselves, the negroes tore the fences from the roadside, roofs from the adjoining houses, and covered them with matting

and fine carpeting from the floors of their masters' houses. Then, for a time, they revelled in their new and delusive dreams of a millenium that had come, the old inflated by the preaching of Abolitionists, the young charmed at being the companions and belies at the soldiers' balls.

"What was the condition of the unhappy ladies against whom General Butler makes it his proud boast that he wages war? Some of them fled panic-stricken and frightened from their homes, leaving all their worldly effects behind them; others remained horrified spectators of the wreck of their estates, subjected to the insults and plunder of drunken troopers and of the ungrateful race they had for years cared for and protected.

"In most instances, out of hundreds of those, not a faithful one remains to perform the menial services of the household, and those that a day before had been surrounded by health and comfort were left destitute. Arms of every kind were taken from the inhabitants, even to the pistols of the women, and they were thus left to the mercy of the negroes turned loose upon them. The sugar and grain crops were seized and sold by General Butler's agents, and a promise of compensation given to those who would take the oath of allegiance, and could prove their loyalty.

"The slaves having all been declared free by a proclamation from Gen. Butler, the loyal planters were allowed to hire them at stated wages; but pleased with their life of vagary and idleness few could be induced to work so long as food could otherwise be obtained; and in the Lafourche country alone, the United States has twenty thousand negroes to clothe and feed, or to leave them to nakedness and starvation.

"The last and bitterest insult to a Southern planter remains to be told. A negro regiment was placed to command in Lafourche when the white troops were removed. The slaves of that district were rapidly being organized to form another brigade, and the likeliest and most intelligent of the men were induced to enlist by the promise of a liberal bounty or a farm of one hundred and sixty acres on their master's plantations.

"Outrages of every kind were of frequent occurrence. Planters, for attempting to protect themselves or their families from insult, were beaten and handcuffed by their former slaves and dragged by

them before the Abolition authorities. There were yet darker deeds, where woman was the fearful victim. That more were not committed is due to the lingering feeling of respect and attachment still existing in the breast of the slave. But to those who know the negro character well, and the great danger of casting off all discipline and restraint, it needs not a prophetic eye to foresee the servile war so exultingly and fiendishly depicted by the abolition journals of the North. The exiles who go broken-hearted and penniless wanderers from their once lovely homes on the banks of the Lafourche, shudder at the still more terrible fate that menaced the land there and elsewhere in beautiful but God forsaken Louisiana.

"Mercy folds her wings and sighs farewell, wherever Butler has control."

Even Butler's New England brethren, some of them, blush for the atrocities of his administration. A Yankee correspondent of the New York World, writing from the Crescent City, furnishes the following testimony:

"A great portion of the leading people of the city, who were not unfavorably disposed towards the Federal Government, and who would have rendered efficient aid to the Union cause under other circumstances, have been almost hopelessly alienated by the despotic. corrupt and speculative course pursued by the United States officers in that city. He says Gen. Butler is thoroughly and intensely hated by the people of the place, and that the Federal troops there, with the exception, perhaps, of a favored New England regiment, detest him. It is a source of wonder to many why, surrounded as he is by so many desperate and reckless sympathizers with the rebellion, and considering the many bitter foes he must have made by his arbitrary measures, there has been no attempt against the personal safety of General Butler. Our informant says when going to his office he used to pass from his house to his carriage between a file of soldiers, then two soldiers would mount the driver's seat with loaded Minie rifles and with pistols, and then the carriage is driven surrounded by a troop of horsemen, two deep to his office. Latterly he resides nearer his office, and walks to it through a file of soldiers. Wherever he

goes he is guarded, and he is never seen where and assault could well be made upon him or a shot fired at him.

"Our informant states that the system of speculation carried on by parties connected with General Butler is hardly credible. supreme power of General Butler over the liberties and property of the people is used daily and grossly to enable those connected with him to accumulate wealth. It was stated that on a certain occasion Butler, having previously notified the Union planters that their sugar and cotton would be sold for them by the Government, announced an auction for selling a large quantity of sugar that had been sent down the river. A day or two before the sale, however, General Butler issued an order that he would only allow United States currency to be paid as purchase money, and as a consequence, greenbacks went to fifteen or sixteen per cent. premium, and the whole lot of sugar-about eighteen hundred hogsheads-was bid off by Butler & Co., a firm having for its head a brother of Gen. Butler, and credited to the United States Government on their books. planters were informed that on proving themselves Union men they would receive their pay at the close of the war from the United States Government.

"In such transactions, too, a Boston man is paid five per cent. for selling the commodities. It was said on good authority that Butler & Co., have credited to the United States about two millions of dollars as the proceeds of confiscated property which has been sold to the credit of the government. In other words, General Butler, on behalf of the government, has charged Butler & Co. with goods to that value of confiscated property belonging to the government. General Butler sells for the government, and Butler & Co. buy for ' themselves. It was intimated by the people generally that if that amount was charged to them, there had probably been a good deal more delivered. On one occasion, it is stated, Butler & Co., bought up all the liquors they could in New Orleans. They were five or six days making their purchases, and when they had concluded them Gen. Butler issued an order forbidding any further manufacturing of liquor in that department, and a few days after issued an order forbidding any officer to drink liquor at any public room in the city on penalty of being recommended to the War Department to be discharged. Liquor of all kinds consequently went up to a

high figure, and it was a very gratifying operation for Butler & Co. An instance is mentioned of a citizen of New Orleans who went up the river and returned with about sixty-five hogsheads of sugar, which he had bought. On its arrival Gen. Butler seized it, sold it on the levee, and credited it to the Government. The owner was informed that if he could prove that he bought the sugar of Union men, he could get his pay from the United States for it.

"The United States officers, it is stated, take any residence in the city for which they conceive a fancy. One day Gen. Butler, in looking for a house, went to one of the most palatial private residences in the city and announced his intention, as he was very much pleased with it and with the furniture, of appropriating it to his own use. The owner, however, objected, and proved himself not to be a citizen of the United States, but a Frenchman, which fortunate fact saved him his house. So General Butler went then to a residence he had previously seen and took his apartments there, telling the lady living there, when she protested and asked where she should go, that she might occupy the negro quarters if she liked.

"There are four negro regiments being raised, and a fifth in process of formation. All the negroes consider themselves free, whether belonging to rebels or Union men, and, as a consequence, are rather vain of their privileges and quite haughty. There are many fine crops of sugar cane in the vicinity which cannot be gathered on account of the want of negroes and mules to do the work. The mules have also been taken for military work, and besides this the people are disheartened and reckless of their property. They prefer it to be destroyed than to go into Butler's hands. There is no planting of sugar or cotton crops this year. Men owning property in New Orleans would rather see it burnt than to see it robbed from them as well as from the Government.

"A man who was sick of consumption, it is stated, was informed of by one of his negro women as having money, valuables and arms in his possession, and the soldiers came there and searched the house. The man was angry at the slave woman, and calling her up gave her two or three blows with a whip as he lay in bed, sick. The woman then went and bruised herself, and told a pitiful tale to Butler of a terrible whipping she had received, showing her bruises. The sick man was brought before Gen. Butler to undergo investiga-

tion of this charge. His wife swore that her husband only struck the woman two or three blows, which could only have been feeble ones, on account of his being almost at the point of death with consumption and that the marks on the woman's body were not caused by that whipping. General Butler, after hearing the story, said, 'Madam, you are a G—d d——d liar,' and ordered the man to be imprisoned in Fort Jackson, or give \$20,000 bail. General Davis, taking pity on him, went his bail for \$20,000. The month, or two months, for which the bail was given, having expired, General Davis failing to procure any mercy, although representing that the man was at the point of death, went his bail a second time, and one week after the second bail was given the man died.

"A young man who had been in the custom house, was called before Gen. Butler, on account of information that his wife had a great deal of property secreted. He was asked as to his own and wife's property. He answered as to his own property, but stated that he did not know how much money his wife had. Whereas Butler was angry, and ordered the young man imprisoned and fed on bread and water. The young man protested that he never interfered with his wife's property, and did not know how much money she had, but without effect. When our informant left New Orleans he was still confined, although he has asked several times to be tried, or to have the charges against him stated. Butler, it was reported, said that he was imprisoned for his impudence.

"The sixth Michigan regiment is stationed at the Parapets, about seven miles from the city, in a swamp between two filthy bayous. They are dying off regularly with swamp fever. The regiment, when it loft Baltimore for Ship Island, numbered one thousand and forty, and they now muster for actual duty only about two hundred and fifty. Company C, which first numbered one hundred and twenty-six men, now musters about sixteen. They lost a few men at Baton Rouge, but the great bulk of deficiency is attributable to sickness. The officers and physicians have besought Gen. Butler to remove them from this place to some more healthy location—anywhere, anywhere out of the swamp, but without effect. So the hospitals continue full and the burials go on daily. The men during a wet time have to raise the floors of their tents a foot from the ground to keep them out of the water."

Referring to the foregoing letter, one of the editors of the same sheet holds the following language:

"There are American journals so ignorant or so base as to praise the administration of Gen. Butler at New Orleans. The fact is that he not only disgraces the Union cause—he disgraces civilization and humanity itself. He would be without apologists in Algiers. He ought to be without eulogists in America. Silence concerning his abuses of power and malfeasance in office, his brutality and the peculations at which he winks, if he does not share their profit, might be tolerated by the consciences of those who, hopeless of moving the mind of Mr. Lincoln, were unwilling to really obstruct the Government, or even seem to encourage disloyalty. But when that silence is misconstrued into approbation, when presses actually praise Gen. Butler, when presses exist which have the effrontery or the ignorance to represent the number of those who have taken an enforced oath of allegiance as the number of those whose hearts have been constrained to loyalty, then silence becomes a lie. truth concerning the basest and most unprincipled man should then be told, and his misconduct be denounced as it deserves, that the shame of the loyal and honest millions whose Government Mr. Lincoln has sent him to represent may, at least, be undeserved.

"We do not mean to deprecate the sharpness of General Butler's pen or the eleverness of his cunning mind. Pettifoggers have found themselves surpassed in their own arts, and thieves could teach Gen. Butler nothing which he did not know. He has been outwitted. So much at least may be said to his credit, but that is all. Another syllable in his praise beyond that is false.

"He has disgraced the army, for the army is honest; he has disgraced his Government, for his Government is yet great enough to be just; he has disgraced his country, 'or his name barbs the scorn of foreign enemies and justifies the severity of foreign friends; he has dishonored the chief magistrate by prescribing him to ministers of the Gospel as the subject of their compulsory prayers; he has dishonored the North by incarcerating every mean and sordid characteristic which, falsely, Southern passion has ascribed to Northern phlegm, by surrounding himself with men whose ill-gotten gains, making dishonesty and loyalty profitable, cause disloyal honesty to be respectable by comparison; he has disgraced his sex, for not even

women have been exempt from his cruelty, but, like men, have been made to suffer as traitors for the solf-respect of their intercourse with him as women; if it is possible he has disgraced himself, for the most subservient tool of Southern men and obsequious lauder of Southern institutions has become their most assidious enemy, seeking a place for the heel of power where once he looked to lick the spittle of servility.

"Gen. Butler's whole career is known to very many loyal men at the North, who blush in silence and shame at the imbecility which tolerates him for an instant in power. The administration presses will act wisely not to praise him They should be thankful if their own silence secures his immunity from public odium. Neither they nor Mr. Lincoln can secure him against the infamy of history."

And there is yet some virtuous shame left among the women of the North. A daughter of New England, having read these strictures, thus writes to the editor of the World:

"I thank you, in the name of Woman, as well as of humanity, for daring to speak the truth of the unmanly wretch who commands New Orleans. The name of Man is disgraced when applied to him.

"My cheek has burned with shame that Americans (who are certainly ordinarily a chivalrous people) have not made such an outery against his course that he should shrink out of sight like a whipped cur.

"I am a Northern woman and loyal, but I could not be a woman and not feel detestation and contempt for the cowardly creature who will war upon women. Words are impotent when the feelings excited by this commander of the *Union forces* are to be expressed.

"It is enough to make dis'oyal the warmest defender of the Union to know that those who have our fate as a nation in their hands, play with it so childishly—so madly. 'How long, O Lord, how long,' must we be made the sport of imbeciles and such men as Butler?"

On the twenty-second day of December, 1862, President Davis issued a proclamation, setting forth that "William B. Mumford, a citizen of this Confederacy," had been "publicly executed by hanging," under the direction of General Benjamin F. Butler, "when said Mumford was an unresisting and noncombatant captive, and for no offence even alleged to have been committed by him subsequent to the date of the capture of New Orleans;" that "the Government of the United States, by maintaining said Butler in high office under its authority for many months after his commission of an act which can be viewed only as a deliberate murder, as well as of numerous other outrages and atrocities, had given conclusive evidence of its sanction of the conduct of said Butler," and by its persistent silence when respectfully addressed by the officers of the Confederate Government on the subject had indicated its determination that he should remain unpunished for his crimes; and then adding:

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he be no longer considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that, in the event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging; and I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States, taken captive, shall be released on parole before exchange, until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crimes."

Passing from this act of unparalleled injustice and oppression, the Proclamation proceeds to speak of Butler's administration in general; and the retaliatory orders with which it concludes must commend themselves to the universal conscience of mankind:

"And whereas the hostilities waged against this Confederacy, by the forces of the United States under the command of said Benjamin F. Butler, have borne no resemblance to such warfare as is alone permissible by the rules of international law or the usages of civilization, but have been characterized by repeated atrocities and outrages, among the large number of which, the following may be cited as examples:

"Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and non-combatants have been confined at hard labor with balls and chains attached to their limbs, and are still so held in dungeons and fortresses. Others have been subjected to a like degrading punishment for selling medicines to the sick soldiers of the Confederacy.

"The soldiers of the United States have been invited and encouraged by general orders to insult and outrage the wives, the mothers and the sisters of our citizens:

"Helpless women have been torn from their homes, and subjected to solitary confinement, some in fortresses and prisons, and one, especially, on an island of barren sand, under a tropical sun; have been fed with loathsome rations, that had been condemned as unfit for soldiers, and have been exposed to the vilest insults:

"Prisoners of war who surrendered to the naval forces of the United States on agreement that they should be released on parole, have been seized and kept in close confinement:

"Repeated pretexts have been sought or invented for plundering the inhabitants of the captured city by fines levied and exacted under threat of imprisoning recusants at hard labor with ball and chain:

"The entire population of the city of New Orleans have been forced to elect between starvation, by the confiscation of all their property, and taking an oath against conscience to bear allegiance to the invaders of their country:

"Egress from the city has been refused to those whose fortitude withstood the test, even to lone and aged women and to helpless children; and after being ejected from their homes and robbed of their property, they have been left to starve in the streets or subsist on charity:

"The slaves have been driven from the plantations in the neigh-

borhood of New Orleans, till their owners would consent to share the crops with the Commanding General, his brother, Andrew J. Butler, and other officers; and when such consent had been extorted, the slaves have been restored to the plantations, and there compelled to work under the bayonets of guards of United States soldiers

"Where this partnership was refused armed expeditions have been sent to the plantations to rob them of everything that was susceptible of removal, and even slaves, too aged or infirm for work have, in spite of their entreaties, been forced from the homes provided by the owners and driven to wander helpless on the highway:

"By a recent General Order, No. 91, the entire property in that part of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi river, has been sequestered for confiscation, and officers have been assigned to duty with orders to 'gather up and collect the personal property and turn over to the proper officers, upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army; to collect together all the other personal property and bring the same to New Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to the highest bidders,' an order which, if executed, condemns to punishment by starvation, at least a quarter of a million of human beings, of all ages, sexes and conditions; and of which the execution, although forbidden to military officers by the orders of President Lincoln, is in accordance with the Confiscation Law of our enemies, which he has directed to be enforced through the agency of civil officials. And finally, the African slaves have not only been excited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for servile war, a war in its nature far exceeding in horrors the most merciless atrocities of the savages:

"And whereas, the officers under the command of the said Butler have been, in many instances, active and zealous agents in the commission of these crimes, and no instance is known of the refusal of any one of them to participate in the outrages above narrated:

"And whereas, the President of the United States has, by public and official declaration, signified not only his approval of

the effort to excite servile war within the Confederacy, but his intention to give aid and encouragement thereto, if these independent States shall continue to refuse submission to a foreign power after the first day of January next; and has thus made known that all appeals to the laws of nations, the dictates of reason and the instincts of humanity would be addressed in vain to our enemies, and that they can be deterred from the commission of these crimes only by the terms of just retribution:

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and acting by their authority, appealing to the divine Judge in attestation, that their conduct is not guided by the passion of revenge, but that they reluctantly yield to the solemn duty of repressing, by necessary severity, crimes of which their citizens are the victims, do issue this my proclamation, and by virtue of my authority as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Confederate States, do order,

"1st. That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler, be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals deserving death; and that they and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution.

"2d. That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of the crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated, when captured, as prisoners of war, with such kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole, that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

"3d. That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States.

"4th. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving with armed slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy." Concerning this Proclamation and the matters of which it treats, the Chicago Times, not yet lost to all sense of decency, speaks in words following, to wit:

"The brutal tyrannies of Gen Butler at New Orleans, recited in the late proclamation of Jeff Davis, will, if they be truly recited, amply justify the retaliation he threatens. It remains for our Government either to disprove the charges or punish Butler. If it fails to do this, and fails to make restitution, and so far as in it lies, reparation, to the victims of Butler's robberies, it is the abettor of his crimes. We are having numerous Courts Martial in different parts of the country, and brave, tried and loyal men are called upon to meet the false and slanderous accusations of personal enemies. Fitz John Porter at Washington, and General Buell at Nashville, are kept from the field to answer charges that every act of theirs as officers disproves, and which none but an Administration swayed by partizan hatred would have heard or ordered a trial upon. These men, if they have erred at all, have erred in judgment. Their hearts are above treachery, and their faith has been proved in the presence of death-while Butler, impeached by the united testimony of the citizens of New Orleans, by all the inhabitants of that portion of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, which he plundered; by all the foreign Consuls within his lines; by the report of Reverdy Johnson, an able and upright Commissioner of the Government, and by his own illegal and inhuman orders, is ordered from New Orleans, with the fruit of his piracies, to take, (as organs of the Administration announce,) a more important command.

"The Administration knew months ago that Butler was plundering. They knew it by the representations of the foreign Consuls and the report of Reverdy Johnson, and still they have retained him in command, and by that retention justified his course. The proclamation of Jeff. Davis is a document the world will take cognizance of; and it our Government shall attempt to pass it by in silence, or treat it with indifference, or meet it by one of a similar character, threatening like retaliation, we shall lose, as we ought, the respect and sympathy of all civilized people.

"The honor of the Government demands that the charges o murder, arson, robbery, oppression, and the attempts to execute servile insurrection, made by Jeff. Davis against a commanding General in our armies, should be met as they are stated; fairly and fully. If they are false, let it be shown; and if they are true, let no attempt be made by the Government to shield this wretched criminal from punishment. The responsibility of Butler's administration rests now upon the Administration at Washington.

"There is not a man living to-day charged with greater crimes than Butler, and his conduct reflects directly not only upon the Government, but the American people, whose name he has disgraced. Aside from all questions of policy, the trial of Butler is required by the people of the loyal States, that they may be freed from the suspicion of being his accessories.

"There will be little difficulty in procuring witnesses. A quarter of a million of inhabitants stand ready to testify. They ask for justice, and such measure of vengeance as a fair trial and impartial law will grant. Shall they have it? Dare the Administration condemn a policy that has been in consonance with the policy it must itself pursue if the emancipation proclamation is issued? Dare the administration condemn Butler for enforcing a policy demanded by the Abolition press and pulpit, to whom it has made a formal surrender of itself? We are now engaged in a war of extermination if Butler be not punished.

"The proclamation of Jeff. Davis relates to him and his officers only, but it is the forerunner of one that will apply to every officer of our army if the proclamation threatened on the first of January is issued. The magnanimity of which Mr. Seward assured the French Government would be observed by us toward, the seceded States has grown small by large degrees, under the fanaticism that demanded that the contest should not be a war, but a raid."

What punishment has been inflicted upon this Yankee Haynau, this modern Caligula? and what has been done for the relief of hapless New Orleans from so diabolical a despotism? Gen. Butler has

been "relieved," commended by the public, applau ded by the pulpit, flattered and fondled by the women, toasted and feasted by all classes, and assigned to duty in another department! Gen. N. P Banks has taken his place at New Orleans: and Miss Hull, a school teacher, is fined a hundred dollars because one of her pupils had drawn a Confederate flag in her copy book; and Miss Picot, another school teacher, for a similar crime, of which she knew nothing, is obliged to pay a hundred and fifty dollars; and the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars is extorted from Mademoiselle Locquet, for allowing in her school the materials and instruments with which these rebel emblems were drawn; and Miss Claiborne Massey must give sixteen dollars for playing Dixie on her piano; and Mr. A. Jacques must spend sixty-five days in the parish prison for singing a fireman's song to the air of "The Bonnie Blue Flag;" and Mr. J. E. Holland must go to jail for fifty days, and lose a hundred dollars, for exhibiting a Ballad entitled. "When this old hat was new;" and a genteel looking young man must be immured thirty days in a dungeon, for speaking disrepectfully of President Lincoln and his national fast; and a poor little darkey, who has hurrahed for the Southern Confederacy, must spend as many days in the Calaboose as Moses spent upon Mount Sinai! All this has been done for hapless New Orleans!

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

SHAKSPEARE.

ADDENDUM.

(March, 1864.)

"Thou art no liar? No!
Thou art a lie! Traitor and murderer!
Coward and slave! But no—defend thyself!
Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue
Disdains to utter!"
SHELLY.

The illustrious subject of the foregoing PAPER is now in command of the Federal forces on the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, with Fortress Monroe for his head-quarters. His policy in this new position has thus far been similar to that which characterised his administration in the Crescent City. Very gratifying to the Washington government and the Northern people, must be the manner in which he is disciplining the disloyal population of his district. The Rev. Geo. M. Baine, of Portsmoutha minister of the Methodist Church, and an old and respectable citizen—because he does not believe in Lincoln the Liar, and will not worship Butler the Beast-is sentenced to hard labor, with a very frugal diet. The Rev. J. H. Wingfield, Rector of Trinity Church in the same place, for a similar crime, is condemned to toil as a scavenger three months in the public streets, with ball-and-chain accompaniment, and bread-and-water fare. Scores of such magnanimous acts might be adduced, if necessary, in illustration of this man's character, and in proof of the enlightened policy of the Yankee administration.

Here also, as formerly in New Orleans, women are insulted and outraged by his orders, children robbed of their bread, old men driven from their homes, the best citizens treated with the greatest cruelties, and all the laws of civilized warfare trampled in the dust.

In this new position, Benjamin F. Butler is the accredited agent of the Yankee government for the exchange of prisoners of war. His appointment to this important post was evidently intended as a deliberate insult to the South; but nothing could be more appropriate than the selection of a beast to represent a bestial nation, and our authorities at Richmond ought by all means to have recognised him as "the right man in the right place." The refusal to treat with such a monster in the matter of exchange raised a rumpus at Washington; and the Hon. Wm. J. Allen, of Illinois, delivered himself of the following manly utterance on the occasion:

"The robberies under the reign of Butler at New Orleans have been so palpable as to shock the sensibilities of mankind. No prize was too great, no inducement too small for his enterprise. From the State capitol to the graveyard, from the parlor to the kitchen, his grasping hand was extended. All accounts agree that things have been done at New Orleans under the flag of our country, which if not disavowed, will disgrace the government in all coming time. I will mention one instance, as it was published in the New Orleans Era. That paper is the organ of the administration there—the most of its articles are headed "by authority." I will read the Era's report. It is in the following words:

"CONFISCATION OF TOMBSTONES.

"'There was one splendid monument—a stately collummor pyramid, intended to mark the spot where rest the remains of Colonel Charles D. Dreux, the youthful orator, who fell early in the war in

command of a Confederate battalion. This was constructed at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars, and under the hammer of the auctioneer it only brought one hundred dollars. Cheap monument, if the purchaser intended it for his own tomb. There was another monument equal in size and beauty, which brought only thirty dollars. Tombstones sold as cheap as marble.'"

"The whole world is familiar with the plunder of costly mansions and large estates with robberies of churches and public institutions. From these, we turn to the public sale of a dead man's tombstone. Nothing seemed too high or low for the robber's grasp. The result is that, instead of restoration of law and order, the country occupied by our enemies has in many instances been given over to pillage and plunder; and they who watched the approach of our old flag as the harbinger of peace, look now only upon a ruined country and pillaged people. The just and considerate portion of our people will remember the barbarities, the shameless robberies of this man who so suddenly rose from the ranks of his original secession friends to the grade of major general of volunteers; nor will they forget that his fame rests more upon his persecutions to the unarmed and unoffending than the terror he has caused among the rebels in the field.

"It is now nearly three years since he donned the federal uniform. During that time he has planned Big Bethel and other similar disasters; but he has never, I believe, been in personal danger, or a party to the most unimportant skirmish, although by alleged violations of the laws of civil warfare, he has won for himself the outlawry of our enemies. This has been his chief military distinction; and now, after a year of repose in New England, we find him appointed to an important command in Virginia and North Caro'ina. With a cruelty quickened by public exposure, with his avarice stimulated by the success of former pillaging, and with a slavish superviency to those whose motives he denounced for many years of his li e he is turned loose upon a rebellious people, who, whatever their sins may be, are at least sincere in regarding him as a monster. And when a few days ago a member from New York (Mr. Fernando Wood) submitted a resolution calling for a committee to inquire into his conduct, the Republican members of this House, aided by one of the President's military appointees from Kentucky, (Mr. Anderson,) voted to suppress the investigation; and it was suppressed, and this man, whose career is coupled with so many crimes, is assured of immunity, and launches again with renewed license upon additional fields of plunder.

"You may declaim as you will of your anxiety for peace, but the President's programme of subjugating this whole people and subverting the government of States, and with such men as Butler, despoiling whole communities in the name of confiscation, we cannot believe you sincere; and if sincere, it but demonstrates the utter unfitness of the party in power either to conduct the war or administer the government in times of profoundest peace."

IV

GENERAL DONELSON.

(APRIL, 1863.)

• "What here like the man who stands himself,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?"
Young.

A SUCCESSION of severe shocks had wrecked the Old Chief's physical constitution. The hardships of the Virginia campaign were too great for him. toils of the Kentucky expedition prostrated his health, and forced him to seek temporary repose. He had but partially recuperated when he resumed his command just before the Battle of Murfreesboro. The fatigues of that terrible week, with constant exposure to wet and cold, consumed his remaining strength. It was hoped that exemption from field service for a season, with indoor life, prudent diet, and proper care, might enable him to perform the duties of his new position, and contribute to the restoration of his health. When he arrived at Knoxville, however, he found the inauguration of a vigorous system of discipline in the department to be an imperious necessity. Full of zeal, he gave himself no rest; often performing the work which might have been done by others. Under these arduous labors his energies

constantly declined, till he was obliged to retire from duty. He finished his course at Montvale Springs, on the seventeenth day of April; and was interred with appropriate honors, at Knoxville, on the nineteenth. What further I have to say of my venerable friend is contained in the discourse delivered at his funeral and afterwards written out at the request of the family.

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."—Job XIX: 21.

Nothing is more important, yet few things are more difficult, than the proper control of our spirits in the time of trouble. There are two extremes to be avoided; stoicism and despondency. Stoicism feels too little; despondency, too much. The former hardens the heart; the latter breaks down the spirit. The one is a want of sensibility; the other, a lack of fortitude. This is an affected contempt of suffering; that, a practical abandonment of hope. Midway between the two lies the path of duty and happiness. St. Paul, quoting from King Solomon, warns us against them both: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord "-that is stoicism; "neither faint when thou art rebuked of him "-that is despondency. Israel is charged with the former: "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; they have made their faces harder than a rock." Job fell into the latter: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."

No piece of history is more affecting than that of the Perfect Man of Uz. For the trial of his fortitude and his fidelity, the Almighty delivered him up, with certain restrictions, into the hand of Satan. The Sabeans and the Chaldeans robbed him of his oxen, his asses, and his camels, and slew his servants with the edge of the sword. Fire from heaven consumed his flocks in the field, and all his children perished together in a tempest. He was smitten "with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown; and he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes." His wife, the last on earth that ought to have been unkind to him, assailed him with bitter mockery; saying, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" Three friends, more faithful than the rest, came from afar to see and console him in his sufferings; and when they beheld the greatness of his grief they sat down with him in speechless astonishment; and surely that seven days' silence was better than any words of condolence they could have spoken. But when "Job opened his mouth and cursed his day," and related the sad story of all his troubles, they too became his censors, charging him with hypocrisy, and secret wickedness, and oppression of the poor and needy. These allegations stung him to the heart. O, was it not enough that God had forsaken him; that Satan had assailed him with all his weapons; that predatory bands had stripped him of his possessions; that the elements of nature had conspired against his prosperity; that

his seven sons and three daughters had been taken from him in one day; that his body had become a mass of putrid disease, a loathsome living death; and that the wife of his youth looked upon him no more with affection, but treated him with cold indifference or haughty scorn? Must these wise and excellent men, the last friends left to him, join the cruel mockery, and accuse the upright of oppression, impiety, and every evil work? "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" The good man's heart is crushed; he is ready to give up all for lost; and he pours forth his whole soul in this passionate appeal: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O, ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."

It is permitted us to complain under such afflictions, provided we do not "charge God foolishly." There is no guilt in tears, if they are not tears of despair. It is no crime to feel our loss. Insensibility is no virtue—has no merit—wins no reward. Religion does not destroy nature, but regulates it; does not remove sorrow, but sanctifies it: does not cauterize the human heart, but enables us to "rejoice evermore," and teaches us to "glory in tribulations also." Abraham mourned for Sarah; Joseph mourned for Jacob; David mourned for Jonathan, and even for wicked Absalom; "devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him;" and Jesus, the pattern "man of sorrows," groaned in spirit, and wept at the grave of Lazarus. These chastisements are intended for our improvement;

but if they are not felt, their end is not realized. If we have no sense of the stroke, how shall we submit to the hand that smites us? If our hearts are seared against all painful impressions, God is defeated in the purpose of his providence, and the best means of our salvation prove ineffectual; for he that is not sensible of his affliction will continue secure in his The loss of one who is very dear to us—a husband and father, upon whom we depend so much for counsel, support, protection and happiness-must inflict a very deep wound; and who shall forbid that wound to bleed?' None may say to the widow, "Weep not;" but He that can also say to the dead, "Young man, arise." Grief must have vent, or it will break the heart. Tears must flow, or they will fester in their fountains. It is cruel to deny one the relief of mourning, when mourning is so often its own relief. Sorrow calls for sympathy. Compassion is better than counsel. It is a great alleviation, when we can pour out our grief into another's bosom. Sympathy divides the sorrow, and leaves but half the load. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." This is what the troubled Patriarch longed for, but could not find. His kindred were estranged from him, and all his inward friends abhorred him; his servants responded not to his call, and the wife of his bosom regarded him as an alien. No wonder that he exclaims, as if his heart were breaking, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God. hath touched me."

But it is better to complain to God than to man-He will appreciate my complaint. He knoweth my heart. He seeth my sincerity. He pitieth me with more than a father's pity. His word can still the storm and calm the sea. His look can turn my darkness into light. He hath invited me to call upon him in the day of trouble, adding, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." He hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The apostle saith, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." David saith, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaint before him; I showed before him my trouble. When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path." There is a psalm—the CII—on purpose for the afflicted, and this is its title: "A prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord." The afflicted may complain; when he is overwhelmed he may complain even unto the Lord; yea, he may pour out his complaint before him, as one poureth out water; and here is an inspired formula of woe which he may employ in the Divine Presence without fear of extravagance or impropriety. Sorrow sometimes renders one speechless: "I am so troubled," saith David, "that I can not speak." O, what a relief when we can empty our anguish into the ear and the heart of God! Such prayer is not incompatible with perfect submission to the Divine Will. "I was dumb, and opened not my

mouth, because thou didst it;" dumb as it respects murmuring, but not as it respects prayer, for the next words are, "Remove thy stroke away from me; I am consumed by the blow of thy hand." Jesus in Gethsemane exhibits a pattern of perfect submission joined with fervent prayer. He "prayed earnestly," "in an agony," "with strong crying and tears;" thrice prostrating himself upon the ground; thrice imploring the Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" but as often adding, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

O, yes; you may complain, in the spirit of pious subordination; but you ought to guard against the excess of sorrow. To grieve too much were as great an evil as not to grieve at all. Where, then, is the proper limit, and when does sorrow become excessive, and therefore criminal? I answer:

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it renders you unmindful of your remaining mercies. It might be much worse with you than it is. You have forfeited all your comforts, yet God has withdrawn but few of them. Are those that remain worth nothing to you because others have been removed? Will you relish the less the fruit that is left, because some of it was blighted by untimely frost? You should set the higher value upon what you have, and enjoy the blessing with a grateful heart.

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it causes you to forget the grief of others. You are not the only sufferer in the world, nor is there-

anything very peculiar in your afflictions. Thousands have experienced similar troubles, losses, bereavements. Some have parted with more than husband and father—have lost all at once, and are left to tread the dreary earth alone. You are doubtless acquainted with many with whom you would not now exchange conditions. And can you be so selfish as to forget all griefs but your own?

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it makes you indifferent to the public welfare. Poor old Eli was less afflicted by the death of his two sons than by the loss of the ark of the Lord, because with that was so intimately connected the prosperity of his people, the object dearest to his heart. A Spartan mother, who had five sons in the battle, stood at the gate of the city when a messenger came with tidings. "How prospers the fight?" she inquired. "Thy five sons are slain," answered the messenger. "I did not ask after my sons," replied the patriotic woman, "but how prospers the fight?" "We have won the day," said the other, "and Sparta is safe." "Then let us be thankful to the gods," exclaimed the inquirer, "for our continued freedom." Her private griefs were swallowed up in her concern for the public good.

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it disqualifies you for the duties of your position.

You live for others. Your friends have claims upon.

[&]quot;Nothing in nature, much less conscious being, Was e'er created solely for itself."

you. Your families and fellow citizens require your beneficent activities. You can not cast off this responsibility. It is written in your inmost nature. It is interwoven with the very constitution of human society. Wherefore the noble faculty of speech, the high prerogative of reason, the sweet flow of domestic sympathies, and the congregation of men in communities, with statutes, and civil compacts, and distinctions of rank and office? All these indicate your duty to the human brotherhood; and if you grieve so as to unfit yourselves for that duty, you defeat the end of the Divine benevolence.

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it blinds you to the grand purposes of Providence. Poor Job saith, "My soul is weary of my life," and again and again he desireth the quiet shelter of the grave. Yet do we find him piously inquiring into the reasons and final causes of the Almighty's mysterious dealings with him: "I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me." We are well assured that "affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." All things are under the restraint and control of Infinite Wisdom and Love. In every pain you suffer, whether appointed or permitted only, God is seeking your good. It were a double loss, doubly aggravated, first to lose your friend, and then to lose the benefit of the loss. Is not the loss of the former sufficient, without adding to it, by your immoderate grief, the infinitely greater loss of the latter?

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it refuses the proffered consolations of friendship. When Jacob rent his robe, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned many days for Joseph, and all his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him, he refused to be comforted, saying, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." "In Ramah was a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachael weeping for her children, refuseth to be comforted because they are not." To decline the needed consolation when it is offered, is certainly a sin. There is some little excuse for the children of Israel in Egypt, when Moses spake unto them of the promised deliverance, and "they hearkened not unto him for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage." The dying Rachael would have called her son Benoni, "the son of my sorrow," but that would have been too sad a remembrancer to Jacob of his beloved wife, and he called him Benjamin, "the son of my right hand."

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it will not accept relief even from the hand of God. He hath assured you that his grace is sufficient for you, and invited you to come to him for help in time of need. Yea, he is a present help in trouble; and he saith, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." To all who ask, he "giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." And will you not ask and receive, that your joy may be full? He hath not given you breath merely for sighs and groans, nor articulate utterance for ungrateful complaints of his

providence. He hath afflicted you, perhaps, on purpose to draw you to himself; and will you thus defeat the designs of his mercy? Will you turn your back upon him when you needs him most? Will you refuse to pray when prayer is most necessary for you? To whom will you go for aid, if not to God? Where will you find comfort, if not in his love? When will you seek the Throne of Grace, if not in time of trouble? O how sweet is it to say with the Psalmist, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it preys upon your health and endangers your constitution. Grief unreasonably indulged soon devours the vigor of the physical system. This is an effectual method of suicide, not less guilty than a resort to the knife, the rope, the river, the pistol, or the prison. Some drink themselves to death, and others grieve themselves to death; who shall pronounce the former more criminal than the latter? Sorrow sometimes kills as suddenly as a bullet or a poniard through the heart; and sometimes it acts as a deadly potion, slow but sure. The food never nourishes, that is always mingled with tears. When your grief is so great, that no balmy airs, nor beautiful scenes, nor pleasant melodies, nor sympathies of friendship, nor solacements of society, nor consolations of religion, can soothe or refresh the soul, then your health is impaired, your strength gradually wastes away, the world loses too soon the benefit of your life, and you haste unsummoned to the judgment. This is the sorrow of the world which worketh death.

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it sours and embitters the spirit against both God and man. This deplorable effect, instead of the peaceable fruits of righteousness, is often produced by affliction, when the providence is misinterpreted and perverted. Then the heart murmurs against God; saying with David, "I have cleansed my hands in vain;" or with Jeremiah, "My strength and hope are perished from the Lord;" or with Jonah, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." I have known persons indulge their grief to such a degree, that they loved nothing, enjoyed nothing, took interest in nothing, cared not for their nearest friends, grew indifferent to society, found no relief in solitude, turned away from the house of God, spurned His Holy Oracles, hated books, hated nature, hated the very sunlight, neglected their own persons, and spent life in a continual groan. This is rebellion against Providence. "Why doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sin?" How much better to say, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me!"

Your sorrow is excessive, and therefore criminal, when it continues so long as to become the settled habitude of the soul. The time for mourning has been limited by all wise nations, and the wisest have generally made it shortest. The Egyptians, who knew not God, mourned seventy days for Jacob;

-Joseph, his son, only forty-seven days. Israel mourned thirty days for Aaron, and thirty days for Moses, but only seven days for Saul. The inward sorrow, however, may last much longer than the outward show. The formal ceremony is soon laid aside; while the stricken heart carries its wound, still bleeding, to the grave. But the first poignancy of grief should not be allowed to continue too long, lest it produce the injurious effects of which I have already spoken. When it is not only indulged, but cherished as a luxury, it soon becomes sinful. When the mourner persists in nursing his woe, and-feeds it with melancholy reflections in silence and seclusion, heeding neither the dissuaves of friendship nor the solacements of religion, he despises his own mercy and injures his own soul. Remember your departed friends with tenderness, but let your sorrow be subdued and holy, and aid the healing art of nature with the balm of grace to shorten as much as may be the term of its continuance.

"But it is my Best Friend that hath smitten me. It is the stroke of my Heavenly Father that hath wounded me. For God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me. He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone; and my hope hath He removed like a tree. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."

Then it is a painful touch. It is grievous to be smitten by a friend, and the stroke of the father

breaks the heart of the child. Your bereavement is indeed a fiery trial, a sword in the bones, a spear that pierceth to the soul. I pity your sufferings, and wonder not at your complaint.

But it is a common touch. "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Who hath not lost a friend? Who hath not set in the shadow of the tomb? Even the immaculate Savior suffered in the flesh. "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; He hath put him to grief." And can you hope for exemption?

And it is a righteous touch. The Creator is also the Proprietor, and He has an unquestionable right to resume what He hath loaned. All are His; and shall He not do what He will with His own? Shall not the Master of the garden gather His own fruits, the Commander of the army dispose of His own men? What claim have you upon Him for happiness? And how much more misery do you deserve than you have ever suffered!

And it is a needful touch. The loving Father never inflicts a needless stroke. Your delinquency calls for chastisement. Your forgetfulness of eternity requires the stern admonitions of death. The creature that has usurped the Creator's place must be removed. The heart that has grown fast to the world must be torn away. The tree that has struck its roots so deep into the soil must be loosened before it can be transplanted.

And it is a skillful touch. The musician is familiar with all the keys and powers of his instrument. The physician is well acquainted with the character of the disease and the qualities of the application. God's understanding is infinite, and His wisdom is infallible. He knoweth perfectly, when, and where, and how, and with what instrument, to touch the human heart. Learn to lie passive in His hand, and trust His heavenly skill.

And it is a tender touch. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." "A bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax will He not quench." The wound must be probed, but the surgeon will do it gently, and soothe the pain with cordials. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men;" but "for your profit, that ye may be partakers of His holiness." He correcteth His people with loving kindness,

"Most merciful when most severe."

And O! is it not a blessed touch? It is the touch of a sword, which subdues the rebel will; the touch of a hammer, which breaks the stony heart; the touch of a fire, which separates the dross from the gold; the touch of a light, which illuminates the darkness within; the touch of a key, which opens the royal palace to the king; the touch of a fountain, which washes away sin and uncleanliness; the touch of a sceptre, which assures of the monarch's gracious acceptance; the touch of a master, who asserts his claim and takes his property; the touch of a Savior, rescuing the soul which he hath ransomed with his

blood; the touch of a lapidary, polishing an immortal gem for Emmanuel's crown! God's dealings are mysterious, but merciful. "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." He saith to us, as He once said to Simon, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Affl.ction all his children feel;
He smites them for His mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal.'

The Christian, like the Captain of his salvation, is made perfect through sufferings. His present griefs are the pledges of future joys. The gloomy night shall soon give place to an eternal day.

Such are the ways of God. And shall my ignorance impeach His perfect knowledge, and my folly arraign His infinite wisdom, and my evil complain of His transcendent goodness, and my weakness refuse the aid of His almighty arm? "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." Strange were it indeed to hear one say: "Alas! I am undone, for I have nothing left but God." But is not this practically the language of the believer who sinks into a state of despondency under providential bereavements? He that has God for his portion could not be enriched by the bequest of a kingdom, by the inheritance of a world. The their of God is heir of all things.

Zeno, who lost his whole fortune in a shipwreck, afterwards declared that it was the best voyage he

ever made, because it led him to the study of philosophy and wirtue. Happy were it for any of these mourners who remain hitherto unconverted, if their present affliction should lead them to seek the pearl of a Redeemer's love! Happy, if in losing a father they should find a God!

But I turn to the dead. Assembled around the bier of an illustrious man, you will naturally expects some account of his life and character. It must be brief and imperfect. The patriotic career and heroic deeds of our departed friend constitute his best memorial. His record is in the hearts of his countrymen.

Daniel S. Donelson was the son of Samuel Donelson, a lawyer, for some time associated with Andrew Jackson in the practice of his profession. His father died early, leaving his estate insolvent, and his widow without the means of educating her three sons. Her father, Gen. Daniel Smith, whose name was given to him we now mourn, undertook this benevolent work. Having himself enjoyed the advantages of a thorough scholastic training, he was prepared to appreciate its value, and determined to confer its benefits upon his grand-children. Educational facilities, at this time, in the West, however, were of a very meagre sort, the primitive log school house being the highest literary institution of the land.

At the age of seventeen, Daniel was sent to the famous Dr. Priestly, who had a school of twenty boys not far from Nashville. His progress was very rapid, especially in the classical department; and he

remained long enough to become a proficient in the Latin and Greek languages. General Jackson, who interested himself deeply in the welfare of the boys; procured a warrant for his admission into the Military Academy at West Point. He entered in 1820, when the institution was more prosperous, perhaps, than at any other period of its history. He rose through the successive degrees of promotion as fast as the rules of the institution allowed. During the four years, he never received a single mark of demerita case almost unprecedented in the records of the academy. He bore himself uniformly with so much propriety, that he failed not to secure the universal confidence and good will both of cadets and of officers. At his graduation, he stood, in general merit, fifth in his class; in deportment and military tactics, first.

He was now entitled to a furlough for six months, not having absented himself a single day since his matriculation. Very pleasantly, doubtless, passed those six months, amid the memories of his boyhood in his native Sumner. At their expiration, having consulted General Jackson on the subject, he resigned his commission, and commenced life as a planter. Two years he performed the duties of drill-master for the county under Gen. Desha, then became Brigadier General, held the position several years, and had the best drilled brigade in the State. In 1840, without any solicitation on his part, he was chosen a member of the called session of the Legislature of Tennessee; was re-elected, by a very large majority, in 1854;

and again in 1856, when he was made by acclamation Speaker of the House.

At the expiration of this term he retired to his farm, and took no further part in politics, except at the presidential elections. In these he felt a deep interest, believing that the ship of state was drifting rapidly toward the whirlpool of revolution, and needed a strong and skillful pilot at the helm. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, he saw that the day was come for the severance of the South from the North, and that the sooner the action was taken the better. He now devoted all his energies to the raising and drilling of companies, preparatory to "the impending crisis." While thus employed, he was summoned, by the Military Board, to Nashville, and sent down the Cumberland, with a corps of engineers, to select a proper point of defense. This was the origin of Fort Donelson. He deemed the position chosen the strongest between Nashville and the Kentucky line. A better, perhaps, might have been found beyond the line; but that was neutral ground, and thither he could not go. Exceptions have been taken to the location; but the success with which our troops defended themselves there, for three days, against and overwhelming force, would seem to furnish sufficient. proof that it was wisely chosen.

While here engaged, constructing defenses, mustering troops into service, and sending them to Clarksville to be drilled, the nominations of Gov. Harris to fill the various offices in the army of Tennessee were promulged; and Donelson, as Adjutant

General of the State forces, was ordered to join Gen. Pillow at Memphis. The duties of this new position he performed satisfactorily for a few weeks; then received the appointment of Brigadier in the Provisional Army of the Confederacy; and was sent to Western Virginia, where, for several months, he endured great hardships among the mountains, and performed valuable service in the cause of his country. He had frequent skirmishes with the enemy, several times killing and capturing a large number. Gen. Loring's departure, with five regiments, to reinforce Floyd and Wise, left him alone in command, his line extending from Elk Mountain to Alleghany, a distance of sixty miles, with not more than two thousand efficient men, the enemy in large force in front, and his pickets daily reporting their movement to attack his little band of patriots. Thus situated, he was obliged to be continually on the alert; and having all the sick of the army upon his hands, to be sent back, over the worst of roads, to the various springs in the rear, his anxiety must have been very great, and his duties of the most ardnous and difficult character.

On the tenth day of December he was ordered to South Carolina. He took up his quarters at Pocotaligo, and remained till March, guarding the exposed points upon the mainland opposite Port Royal. Then he was transferred to Grahamville, and put in charge of the Fifth Military District. This position he held till a few days after the battle of Shiloh, when he was ordered, with his two Tennessee regiments and

two South Carolina regiments, to report to General Beauregard at Corinth. Here he had the severest picket duty to perform; and, two days before the evacuation, he fought the enemy in advance of our intrenchments from sunrise to sunset, having twelve of his men killed and mortally wounded.

In the toilsome march across the Cumberland Mountains, and throughout the greater part of the Kentucky campaign, he commanded the whole Division, Gen. Cheatham having been assigned to other duty. At Munfordsville and Woodsonville, where the Federal garrison was captured, he played an important part. In the battle of Perryville he conducted himself with distinguished bravery, breathing a spirit of dauntless valor into his devoted troops. His place was on the extreme right, amid the thickest storm of battle, where, to ward the close of the day, the enemy were piled in promiseuous slaughter. Driving the Yankees back pell-mell over their fallen fellows, our gallant chief held his position during the night, and slept among the dying and the dead.

At Camp Dick Robinson, the command of the Division was again committed to his hands; and he conducted it through that long and successful retreat, by way of Cumberland Gap, to Knoxville, without the loss of a man or a horse, or any serious accident. Hard labor, great exposure, and unsuitable diet, had now very much impaired his health, and rest was deemed essential to his recovery. He obtained leave of absence for thirty days, and repaired to Hurricane

Springs near Winchester. Improving rapidly, he sent his family to Georgia, and rejoined his command just a week before the battle of Murfreesboro' How he bore himself in that bloody struggle, the reports of superior commanders bear ample testimony. No officer upon the field displayed a cooler courage, or manœuvered his men with superior dexterity and skill. The privations and hardships of those seven days and nights brought back his disorder in a more aggravated form than ever. Yet he conducted the command to Shelbyville, and remained there on duty up to the first of February Then he received an order from Richmond, assigning him to the charge of the Department of East Tennessee. feeble as he was, he promptly repaired; and here, though necessarily subjected to a thorough course of medical treatment, he performed all the duties of his position till his failing health obliged him to retire.

The advent of the old hero in Knoxville was hailed as the dawn of a better day. He at once inaugurated a policy which promised vast improvement to this somewhat "disloyal" portion of the State. Had he thoroughly regained his strength, he would doubtless have so conducted the affairs of his department as to have met the approval of the Government and result in great benefit to the Confederate cause. He had the requisite energy, as well as the military science and practical skill, for such a position. He had the indomitable resolution, as well as the general prudence and discretion, necessary for his peculiar duties.

True, he was a man of gentle nature and tender sensibilities. Though not void of a laudable ambition, he ever preferred the quiet of his own home to the turbulent scenes of public life. Office he never sought, and accepted only at the earnest solicitation of his friends. Owing to his candor and his courtesy, as well as his strict regard for what is just and right, he had fewer personal difficulties, perhaps, than any other public man of his age in the State of Tennessee.

But with all these arriable qualities, he possessed much of the spirit of the heroic patron of his youth, Andrew Jackson. No trait of his character was more prominent than his unwavering adherence to duty. It was a leading maxim of his life, to undertake nothing but what he deemed strictly correct; and having once determined his proper course, to pursue his object with vigor, and never stop short of success. From the principles of his political party he never deviated, nor faltered in his devotion to its aims. The fact that Sumner county, though on the border, was as true to the South in the commencement of this revolution as any other county in the State, is doubtless justly attributable, in a good degree, to his influence over the public mind. Extremely Southern in his feelings, few men have made greater sacrifices for their country than he. His chief desire on this side the grave was to see the government of these Confederate States established upon a secure and permanent basis.

But all his personal interest in the affairs of the present world is now over and ended. Just three

months from the date of his promotion, he was ordered to report at the Supreme Headquarters. The summons was no surprise to him. His slowdecadence afforded him time for adjusting his thoughts and feelings to the approaching change. His life had not been religious, but his death was penitent and hopeful. The battle of Murfreesboro' had impressed him deeply with a sense of the Divine goodness, in view of which he felt a new and special obligation to devote the remainder of his days to God. After coming to East Tennessee, he conversed freely on religious topics, and expressed a desire to unite with the church. During the last few days of his life, he frequently wished for some one to pray with him; but the fear of taxing his strength too far, together with the hope that he might soon be better able to endure the interview, prevented the family from informing me. At the same time, advised of his great feebleness, though I well knew he would welcome my advent, I feared the effect of an intrusion upon his repose. For many days he was almost constantly in prayer. I trust he obtained mercy, and found grace to help in time of need. Educated from infancy in the great truths of Christianity, he knew the way to the sinner's refuge, and found no great difficulty in laying hold on the hope set before him. Expressing a strong confidence in the Captain of his salvation, he gathered up his strength to meet the last enemy. "I am not afraid to die," said he; "I trust my many sins are all

forgiven; through the mercy of God and the merit of Christ, I hope to be saved."

The mortal hour drew on apace. His weeping wife and children, and the members of his staff present, gathered around him to receive his last counsels and benedictions:

"Then saw in death his eyelids close, Calmly as to a night's repose,

Like flowers at set of sun."

Victor in so many conflicts, he was not vanquished in this. His last utterance, indistinct and scarcely audible, was something about the Savior of sinners. An honest man, a brave soldier, a skillful commander, a self-sacrificing patriot, and a martyr to the cause of Southern independence, he lived beloved by all, and died by all lamented. His family is bereaved, but he "is taken away from the evil to come." This mortal casket we are about to commit to the custody of the "faithful tomb," and toward that sacred spot our eyes will turn with confidence in the blessed resurrection.

And now, my stricken friends, I am glad to stand before you "as one that comforteth the mourners." Let me affectionately exhort you to receive this painful dispensation in the spirit of pious submission to the will of God. Learn something from Seneca, who said he enjoyed his friends as one who was soon to lose them, and lost them as though he had them still. Nay, learn of Him who bore your griefs and carried your sorrows—who, in that mighty agony which wrung the crimson perspiration from his

blessed brow, said so meekly, "Father, not my wil but Thine, be done!" Your departed friend, I trus is now forever safe; would you have him walk th precipice again, and again tread the crest of th volcano? His bark is moored in the eternal haven would you launch it once more upon the dark an troubled sea, to be driven by fierce winds upon th rocks, or drawn into the treacherous eddies of the whirlpool? Would you recall the prisoner, so latel escaped, to his dreary dungeon; or bring the cor queror back, to renew the doubtful conflict? (would you subject the enfranchiseds pirit afresh t all the vexations of life and the agonies of deatl the constant perils of temptation and the fearful ha ards of sin? Peace, troubled soul! God is just, an wise, and good; and

"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

Finally, what a tribute to Christianity was the dying testimony of General Donelson? Havin neglected the duties of religion through life, he fee that he needed its consolations in the valley of the shadow of death. And so did his great patron and prototype, the hero of New Orleans. And Henry Clay and James K. Polk turned their eyes to the Star of Bethlehem as they entered the twilight of Eternity And John Randolph and Daniel Webste though they professed no conversion, recognize upon their death-beds the supreme excellence an importance of the Christian faith. Hear, ye heartles skeptics, the testimony which rebukes your shallor

unbelief! Hear, ye neglecters of the great salvation, the solemn accents which reprove your habitual indifference to religion! O, sirs!

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

The hour must come—God grant it may not come too late! when you will see your error and lament your folly. Courage avails nothing against the last enemy, and patriotism will not be accepted for piety before the Eternal Judge. A penitent and practical trust in "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," is the only hope of the guilty. I entreat you in the words of a well known poet:

"By silence, death's peculiar attribute; By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom; By the long list of swift mortality, From Adam downward to the present hour: By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth Ejected to make room for human earth, The monarch's terror, and the sexton's trade; By groans and graves, and miseries that groan For the grave's shelter; by desponding men, Senseless to pains of death from pangs of guilt; By guilt's last audit; by you moon in blood, The rocking firmament, the falling stars, And thunder's last discharge-great nature's knell; By second chaos and eternal night;--Be wise!" YOUNG.

"THE CALM CENTER."

(MAY, 1863.)

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

MONTAIGNE.

GEN. DONELSON having gone the way whence he shall not return, what now is to become of his chaplain? My transfer to this department was informal, a matter of favor and of friendship. Certain official communications from Middle Tennessee to these Headquarters seem to indicate the probability of my recall. Meanwhile, "a great and effectual door is opened unto me" here. Many battalions, regiments, brigades even, are without chaplains. They hunger for the bread of life. Must my labors among them so soon terminate? To God and the Secretary of War I commit the matter; and, with a thirty days' furlough, I retire to "The Calm Center" to await the issue.

At Red Clay—the State line—I am arrested by the hand of Christian love, and detained in delightful captivity. My good brother H. is a man with a heart, and there are other hearts in his household. The Lord make them as happy as they are good, and reward a hundred fold their kindness to a stranger!

And now, I roam the woods, and scour the hills, and haunt the streams; with what result, bear witness, ye hapless trout, squirrels, moccasin snakes, and more fortunate forest gobblers! Reader, if thou hast never tried to translate thy vocal identity into that of a turkey-hen, pass over this paragraph, I pray thee, for thou hast no faculty of sympathy with its ill-starred author. Thou mightest as well undertake to pronounce the impracticable Tronduenmiphilipinothrassiamomento, or master the inimitable nasality of thy beloved Brother Jonathan. three of the clock on three successive mornings, this enterprising chaplain walked three miles upon railroad cross-ties, then tore through tangled bush and briar, toiled up the hills, tumbled over the rocks, crouched in fallen tree-tops, lay concealed behind sooty logs, and tooted through his reed to turkeycocks aroost-alas, how vainly! for turkey-cocks aroost, suspecting him of disingenuous intentions, gobbled derisively, skedaddled incontinently, and left this lovelorn turkey-hen disconsolate and despairing. The finny tribes were more considerate and confiding, or grubs and crickets were more eloquent than my reed; and Isaac Walton himself might have envied me the spoils with which I returned from the piscatory campaign.

The Sabbath was not the least pleasant of the four days that I spent with this hospitable community; and their hearty response to my call for pecuniary aid in furnishing religious literature to the army was

not the least delightful demonstration of their Chris-

tian liberality.

Hence away to Macon, where church dignitaries and doctors of divinity are gathering in the plenitude of their august prerogatives, Bishops and Missionary Board sitting in awful conclave, with agents, editors, publishers, treasurers, secretaries, and numerous accidentals, masters in Israel all, eloquent orators, profound logicians, and astute interpreters of the signs of the times.

The action on Army Missions, Colportage, etc., was wise, Christian, patriotic, and will doubtless have the hearty approval and support of our ministry and people. What a field is here for Christian labor-what a call for Christian liberality! Other churches are adopting similar measures, and God is erowning the enterprise with His blessing. Fall to. brethren, and throw all your weight upon the lever which is to lift the world! Who knows whether God has not called our young men to camp for the conversion of the nation? Religion in the army is epidemical. What is to be thought of three or four hundred penitents at once offering themselves for prayers, and scores converted in a night? Such scenes have lately been witnessed in Virginia; and many souls were renewed in righteousness during the late battles about Fredericksburg; and an officer now at my elbow, just from Middle Tennessee, tells me that the camps are frequently vocal with prayer and song through half the night, and the heart of the whole army seems turning to the Lord!

Two days at Macon, a tete a tete with Gen. Capers, a pleasant railroad dream, and I awake at midnight in Eatonton—a forest of flowers, a garden of strawberries, a community of loving hearts. A certain poet says, "Home is where the heart is;" and, I will add, the heart is where the wife is; and therefore Eatonton, pro tempore, is my only home on earth. It has been well christened "The Calm Center." The people here feel the storm that has swept over the country far less than in any other place I have visited. These quiet scenes, and Sabbath hymns, and gentle souls, make me wish for peace and sigh for heaven. "How long, O Lord! how long?"

A week of worship and pleasant socialities at Milledgeville will not soon be forgotten. I have never met with a more generous, warm-hearted, hospitable, patriotic people, than those who sit under the ministry of my worthy Brother Fulwood. Could our invaders have seen the profusion of luxurious viands and delicate condiments daily spread before this appreciative rebel, and then looked out upon the golden wheat fields, and perused the goodly promise of the peach trees, and caught the sweet prophetic breath of the kine among the clover, and heard the jocund brook laughing to scorn their menace of Southern starvation, I trow a serious change would have come o'er the spirit of their dream.

Brother F. is much beloved, and his church is in a prosperous condition. The lunatic asylum is an inviting place to the sanest man beneath the moon. I found within its wards a former parishioner, a member of my old regiment, "stung by a bung" at Perryville, and mentally disqualified for the service. The Rev. Dr. Talmage, Professors Lane and Smith, W H. Mitchell, Esq., Gov. Brown, Gen. Myrick, Col. Barnett, Maj. Miller, Mr. Whitaker, Dr. Green, and several others, treated me with distinguished urbanity. The large congregations, the earnest attention to the word, and the liberal contributions for the religious benefit of our soldiers, encourage the hope that my labors were not in vain.

Sweet thoughts are saddened by intelligence from the Rappahannock. Many a Georgian fell with Jackson. Many a mother, sister, wife, lays a broken heart upon her country's altar. I met with a lady who had just received the news of the heroic death of her noble boy. Fifty yards in advance of all his comrades, cheering them on to the charge, he fell, pierced with a minnie ball. With what a proud agony that mother spoke of his fate! She gloried in the manner of his death, and would not have him back for half the world. Spartan mothers, Roman wives and virgins, will never be talked of after this war, unless it be to enhance the picture of noble self-denial and heroic patriotism furnished to an admiring world by the women of these Confederate States. Who would not fight, bleed, die, for such women?

At Milledgeville I met with my venerable friend, Dr. Lovick Pierce, much emaciated and very feeble, but as gentle and loving and talkative as ever. He said he had been walking, with his Shepherd by his side, in the valley of the shadow of death. Then he related some very touching incidents of the last hours of his daughter Julia, late wife of the Rev. Dr. A. T. Mann, one of the noblest female characters that in these latter days have adorned the Church of Christ in our country. When informed that her end was nigh, she replied: "Death I do not fear, but I had not expected to die at this time, and my work is not finished up as I would desire. I should like a brief space, if it might please God, in which I might say a few things, and deliberately make a few little presents." Then she requested the Rev. Dr. Myers, if he thought such a petition proper, to ask of God on her behalf time enough for this finishing up of her earthly mission. "The prayer ended," said the good old Doctor, with a tremulous, choking voice, the tears streaming down his venerable cheeks, "a scene commenced which I will not attempt to describe, but which I am sure none who witnessed it can ever forget. It was mournfully sublime. She called for her two Bibles; one of them, a new one, which I had given her three years before; the other, an old one, which her dear mother had used till the day of her death, and she herself had read daily ever since. The new Bible she laid upon the bed by her side, bade little Robert—her nephew and adopted son lay his hand upon it, then laid her own hand upon his, made him promise to read at least one chapter in it every day of his life, added a most solemn and affectionate exhortation, and finished with a prayer

such as has seldom been offered even upon a death bed. Her mind now began to wander, and for a while she forgot the old maternal Bible. But when her sister Clara called her attention to it, and asked her what she would have done with it, she exclaimed, 'O, my precious Bible! I want you to have it; you are the youngest of our family; take it, and remember that our precious mother read in that Bible all her latter days, and laid it down not fifteen minutes from the gate of heaven!' Then that brilliant and beautiful mind, which had shed its lustre upon so many happy listeners, was again obscured. It was like an April evening, when some harmless clouds hang about the setting sun, but his mellow beams here and there stream through them like the light of a better world!"

And thus the dear old man went on for hours, talking and weeping; and we all listened and wept with him, for no one wished to interrupt the sweet current of his discourse; and all the majesty of his pulpit eloquence in the days of his power never affected me half so much as the subdued and holy pathos of this parlor narrative. The Doctor seems to live more in heaven than upon earth, and he will not tarry long behind his departed Julia and her sainted mother.

THE STORMY CIRCUMFERENCE.

(MAY, 1863.)

"Man is a military animal—Glories in gunpowder, and loves parade."

BAILEY.

My time having expired, I return to Knoxville, where I arrive in time to attend the session of the United Synod of the New School Presbyterian Church, an occasion of great interest. The Rev. Dr. Styles preached repeatedly with uncommon eloquence and unction, and gave an encouraging account of his labors in General Lee's army, and of the wonderful work of God among the soldiers in Virginia. He read a letter from his son, written on the battlefield, near Chancellorsville, immediately after the conflict. The following is an extract:

"Dear Precious Mother:—Both your boys still live to bless God for His mercy, and the great battle is ended at last. I did not write during its progress, for I hardly dared or could do so. My section—the rifled guns—was hotly engaged from first to last; indeed, did more terrific fighting than ever before was done by the whole company. God has smitten us this time, yet wonderfully protected us. Two poor boys were killed instantly at my gun, both terribly mangled by a whole shell; and two others wounded, one very slightly; and this is our entire loss.

[&]quot;God has been more sensibly and sweetly with me during this

fights than ever before. Part of the time, I seemed almost in heaven. And, oh! man never communed more solemnly with his fellow than the noble boys of our devoted section did with each other. God was blessing us when we left, and this providence deepened the religious impressions of all, and gave two newborn souls to Jesus.

"There is a wonderful state of feeling among the boys. They greatly distinguished themselves, two noble fellows taking a position from which others shrank, and standing to their guns when all around them fled. It was fearful, yet splendid; and at times my soul fairly shouted with exultation."

These are the boys to fight, "whose hearts God hath touched." Religious men always make the best soldiers; and if we aimed at nothing further than our country's independence, it were doubtless the best policy to make christians of our warriors.

The Synod took measures to increase the number of evangelical laborers in the army, the most inviting field in our country at present to the faithful christian minister. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

On reaching Knoxville, I found Maj. Gen. S. B. Buckner in command of the Department. Nothing could have been more gratifying. Gen. B. is a son of Kentucky, and comes hither from Mobile. Is his designation to this Department to be regarded as significant of the ulterior views of our Government concerning his native State? If Kentucky is to be invaded from East Tennessee, the conduct of the expedition could scarcely be committed to more suitable hands. The Mobile Register says:

"Gen. Buckner leaves Mobile with the profound respect, as we believe, of every man and woman whose good opinion is worth

having. He has labored 'faithfully in 'his field of duty, and no man doubts that he leaves Mobile an hundred fold stronger than he found it. An immense amount of defensive labor has been performed during his administration, and by land and water this city has become what Charleston has proved to be in the hands of Beauregard-another Confederate Sebastopol. In taking his leave, Gen. Buckner has been able to say to our citizens: 'I leave you with all the means of successful defense. Be true to yourselves, and you may defy your enemies.' His administration will long be remembered in this city, for he has erected monuments which will preserve his name in Mobile annals after he and this generation have been gatherd to their fathers. Personally, he has made the most agreeable impression upon the community, as a high-toned and modest gentleman, and a brave, vigilant and accomplished officer. We part with him with regret, but we know that it is for the public good."

On my arrival here I found an order awaiting me from the War Department, directing me to report for duty to Gen. Buckner. I did so immediately, and was received by the General with great courtesy and cordiality. He issued an order at once, announcing me as "Chaplain of the Department of East Tennessee."

The next day an incident occurred, furnishing a delightful illustration of the General's character, and affording the citizens assurance that their rights and interests are not to be disregarded in a vigorous and faithful exercise of military authority:

A pleasant little town in this Department has a flourishing Female Institute. The edifice is one of the chief ornaments of the place, and such as would not shame any metropolitan city. It is the private property of the President, he having purchased it some years since, at considerable risk, under heavy

liabilities; and subsequently, by untiring industry and prudent management, relieved its pecuniary embarrrssment. A minister of the Gospel, a thoroughly educated man, an able and experienced teacher, and an excellent economist, he has attracted to his aid a corps of instruction second to none in this part of the State, secured a large patronage at home, and filled his hall with boarders from abroad. The school is in fine condition; the war, with its high prices, its fluctuating fortunes, and its dark shadows projected upon the future, having made no sensible impression upon its prosperity.

The other day, teachers and pupils, neighbors and patrons, were suddenly thrown into a most uncomfortable excitement. A plenipotentiary of the Medical Staff, commissioned to select a suitable place for a hospital, made his advent in the town. The Seminary was pointed out to him as a convenient building and a delightful locality. A slight reconnoissance satisfied the surgeon of its eligibility for his purpose; and, like a faithful officer, desirous of securing the most comfortable quarters for our soldiers, he promptly informed the President of his intention to appropriate the premises. The effect upon the quiet little community was like that produced upon a swarm of bees when some honey-hungry soldier levies upon the hive. Shall the school be broken up, and family, faculty, boarders, and all, be turned into the street? Were it not well to lay the case before Gen. Buckner? To the train, Mr. President, and away to Knoxville! The business requires

haste. A few puffs of the iron horse brings the Rev. gentleman to headquarters. Trembling with anxiety, he seeks the awful presence. Not without a daysman will he venture to approach the dread impersonation of military power. Delightful disappointment! Instead of a winter storm, he meets a summer morning—an April shower, with rainbows. The brave man is ever just.

"Please inform the young ladies, sir, they may dismiss their fears; they shall not be driven from their temporary home. The fact that the building selected is a female seminary would have been sufficient, without any further remonstrance. Our literary institutions ought not to be interrupted without absolute necessity; and such necessity, I am happy to say, does not now exist in this department. Your school shall not be disturbed, sir."

A telegram announces the result of the interview; the meeting of citizens breaks up with many congratulations; the half written remonstrance is scattered piece meal to the winds; nimble feet, with sunny faces and merry voices, spread the glad tidings through the institute; the next day's mail brings to Headquarters a joint letter from faculty and pupils, glowing with gratitude and rich in expressions of confidence; and from this simple act of justice, the Hero of Fort Donelson has reaped a satisfaction as pure as religion and as sweet as victory.

The ladies—God bless them!—are our best friends. They are both more pious and more patriotic than men; and when roused by some great emergency,

they excel us no less in heroic daring than in meek endurance. Their gratitude also is more lasting, as their sympathies are more lively, and their friendships more firm. Gen. Buckner has secured the fidelity to the South of every heart in that institute, and not one of them can ever prove recreant to the Confederate cause.

Apropos. Does not Victor Hugo very justly observe that "all our heroisms come from our women"—that "a man without a woman is a pistol without a hammer"—that "it is the woman that makes the man go off!" In confirmation of which profoundly philosophical statement, take the following affecting story from the Warrenton Navy Yard correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser:

"A woman in camp is a rara avis-a sight good for sore eyes. They are like angel visits, 'few and far between.' However, I have several times seen one lately, and she comes upon a most painful and sorrowful mission, to see a brother who is under sentence of death for striking an officer. He is a fine looking young man. I have never witnessed a scene so harrowing to my feelings, so painfully impressive as the prison scene, in which she first met him. I never heard pathos and eloquence equal to hers. The spectators were in tears. I was sent for by her, and went to the prison. I would not, for a long time, announce my arrival, but stood at a distance, held in awe by the singular scene. In the dim light of the prison she was kneeling by her brother, and uttering such a prayer as I never heard before. A friend and relative accompanied her, and to him I at last announced myself. But it was long before he could talk coherently. 'My God! and this is war!' was his reiterated exclamation.

"His sister had hurried to see him at the first notice of his situation. She has labored for his salvation, moral and spiritual, with the spirit of an angel. She obtained a copy of the proceed-

ings of the court martial, and went as fast as steam could take her to Richmond to get a pardon for him. The President was sick, but she saw the Secretary of War, and he advised her to come back and get a petition for his pardon. Back she came. and with great difficulty got one numerously signed by officers. One officer of high rank refused to sign it. She seemed much dejected at this, and asked me what she should do. I replied: 'Go to him yourself, madam, and he will sign it. I know that you are irresistible, and no man with a heart in his body can say no to you.' I had signed it myself against my views of military discipline, but I would have torn the 'articles of war' to atoms rather than grieve that noble woman by refusing her request. She took my advice, went in person to the recusant officer, and he signed it. She started that same night to Richmond, to plead for her brother's life. He was to have been shot to-day at noon. This morning an order came, postponing the execution of the sentence. I look for her soon from Richmond. Heaven speed her efforts! She is a young married woman, and lucky is the man who has such a wife. She is, indeed, a jewel, and if her mother has any more like her at home, I shall go to see them when this war is over."

Now, by way of contrast, read the love letter of a Yankee woman to her cavalliero servante in Hooker's army, found with his carcass upon the field near Chancellorsville. The Richmond paper that publishes it says: "Among all the epistles of Yankee ladies, whether wives or virgins, sent to us from the track of Yankee armies, it is the only one couched in language that can be printed. It furnishes a very fair sample of a Yankee lady's mind, morals, and views of life:"

"Oh! when shall I see you, my best beloved? when shall I again feel your sweet breath upon my cheek? Won't you come to me right away? Do, my dearest, best friend. Moments appear days to me, and each day an age—an age of misery and woe—

when I cannot behold your beloved face. How adverse is life when we are severed from those we love! Love-no, I will not call it love that causes my heart to throb and my bosom to heave at every casual mention of your name. It is purer-a more celestial passion than love, that awakens in my heart such overwhelming emotions. It cannot be love-that passion is too gross-it is one capable of being changed-it is mortal, unsubstantial, unreal. It exists as long as the object is fair, but vanishes upon the first touch of time. But when I think of you, it seems as if an eternity of tenderness were centered in a moment's reflection; that my whole heart, and soul, and life's blood, were gushing with feelings not of this world, but such as angels must bear towards the Great Ruler of the Universe. I often ask myself the question, 'Is this right?-have I not a husband to whom such sentiments should be dedicated, and to none other?' Oh! my God, why have we hearts? why have passions, if upon the first development of their genuine tenderness, they must be curbed, and checked, and rebuked by the arbitrary rules of society. But, while I mean my husband no dishonor, I cannot restrain my feelings. They are beyond my control. Let them lead to good or evil, to life or death, I cannot, dare not, attempt to sway them. God bless you, dear. Come to me this evening. Let us walk again through that arbor you admired so much-let us pluck another moment from the rounds of Time,"

The Huntsville Confederacy tells a good story of three of our brave fellows; James B. Irvine and Thomas Kirkman, of Florence, and a Tennesseean named Harris;

"Coming up to Florence from Mississippi, they were captured by four Yankees, and placed in charge of two of them. Irvine's horse was taken, and he was put on a mule. Kirkman seized an opportunity to propose to Irvine to capture the guard, but he replied, 'not yet.' Afterwards, while passing through deep mud, Irvine offered the guard riding by his side a drink of liquor from his canteen. He accepted, and, while drinking, Irvine seized him with both hands and they tumbled into the mud together. Simultaneously, Irvine called to Kirkman, 'now's your time,' and K. seized the other guard. Harris rushed to Irvine's aid, but he, being stout and athletic, said, 'I can manage my man; help Tom,' who is a much smaller man. Harris did so, and both Yankees were secured with their horses, guns, revolvers and accourrements, taken to Florence and lodged in jail. Hurrah for our Coufederate heroes! Their deeds are romantic in their knightly gallantry."

A picture from Camp Chase shall conclude the present PAPER. It is highly characteristic of its chief actor.

The Rev. C. C. Gillespie, late editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Texas Cavalry, was taken prisoner with Gen. Churchill and his command at Arkansas Post. At Camp Chase, the men wished to observe the Confederate Fast, on the twenty-seventh of March, by holding religious services in their own way. Permission was asked and granted. The Colonel officiated on the occasion. He selected for his text PSALM CXXXVII:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion; we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Raseit, rase it, even to the foundation thereof. O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us; happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones."

The preacher, having introduced his subject, proceeded to say that this war, on our side, is essentially and necessarily religious—that our loyalty, like that of the Hebrews, is both pious and patriotic-that we are contending for freedom of religious opinion, freedom of conscience and of worship-that our enemies, having failed to convince us by their clamorous sophistry, are now endeavoring to force their fanatical notions upon us—that the unprovoked injuries inflicted upon us, with the suffering endured and the blood shed in resisting them, all combine to clothe our cause and our contest with the sacredness of religion—that the holiest sympathies of home are olustering around every Confederate officer and soldier, while daily and nightly thousands of loving hearts are pleading for us at the throne of the Heavenly Grace. "To-day," said he-and the words produced a manifest thrill throughout his audience— "To-day, all over our land, where the sanctuary has not become desolate nor the fires died upon the altar, where the thronging feet of the peaceful assembly still come and the accustomed voice is still heard in the pulpit, how many prayers go up to God for us! Can the South be our home if, with all these sacred treasures of the heart and conscience, it should become the prey of the spoiler? Never will I live in that glorious land, after it shall have been despoiled and degraded."

Here the officer of the guard called out to him, "Mr. Preacher, if you will preach a religious sermon,

you can go on; but if you want to make a war speech, you had better stop."

The Rev. Colonel replied, "We have obtained permission to hold this service in our own way."

"If you will stick to the book," rejoined the officer, "we will hear you; but we don't want a war speech."

"I did not intend it for you," said the Colonel.

"But you must preach a religious sermon," responded the Yankee identity upon the wall.

The Colonel answered, "We will cease if you command it; but I will not suffer you to dictate what I shall say."

"That's right, Colonel," cried General Churchill, rising; "let us not go on, unless we are free."

The assembly dispersed at once, clapping and cheering. One man shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!" The potent functionary of the wall cried out, "Halt that man!" But he could not be distinguished in the crowd.

Such was the Confederate Fast at Camp Chase an interesting illustration of Southern patriotism, and a characteristic instance of Yankee insolence and oppression.

VII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

(MAY, 1863)

"As the storm, a forest crushing,
Oaks of thousand winters grind;
So the iron whirl is rushing,
Shouts before and groans behind.
Still amid the dead and dying,
All in shattered ridges lying,
Pride, revenge, and youthful daring,
In their cause and country's name,
Drive them on with sweep unsparing—
Nought for life and all for fame!"

STERLING.

ANOTHER "On to Richmond" has come off near Fredericksburg. Lee has fought Hooker a whole week, and won a glorious victory. The following are the facts:

On the night of the twenty-eighth and the morning of the twenty-ninth of April, twenty thousand Yankees, with artillery, crossed the Rappahannock, on two pontoon bridges, a little below the city. Gen. Early promptly gave them battle, repelling a force twice his own number, and inflicting upon them serious injury, with little loss to himself.

Meanwhile, Hooker was crossing with the main

body of his army, opposite Chancellorsville, sixteen miles above the city. Our troops were ready to meet him. On the thirtieth there was much skirmishing, with but little effect. At eight o'clock on the morning of the first of May, Gen. Jackson arrived, and immediately ordered an advance. Our troops responded with alacrity. and the action soon became general. When the firing had continued an hour or more without any decisive result, General Jackson directed Gen. Wright to make a circuit and turn the enemy's right flank. The effort was successful, and the Yankees were driven back to Chancellorsville. Night coming on suspended the contest.

The next day Gen. Jackson, with two divisions, passed round to the left, and fell upon the enemy's right flank and rear. A terrific battle ensued, lasting till after dark. As at Murfreesboro', the enemy was driven from every position, till his right was doubled in upon his centre. This brilliant movement of Jackson secured to our troops the glorious victory of the following day; but, alas! it lost us that heroic leader—the General pre-eminently sans peur et sans reproche. Late at night, with his staff, he had ridden beyond the lines for observation; and as he was returning, he was mistaken by some of his own men for a foe, fired upon and wounded, in consequence of which he died a few days afterward.

At daylight Sunday morning, the third, our army commenced advancing upon the enemy from all directions, completely investing his position, except on the side towards the fords. He had been digging

rifle pits and cutting abattis during the night; and his artillery, well protected by earthworks, occupied every eminence, affording him a direct and enfilading fire upon every point of our advancing lines. Under an incessant shower of shot and shell from both front and flank our men pressed on, up the hills, over the fences, through the tangled thickets, to the very mouths of the batteries. With a terrible shout they rushed through the abattis, and sprang upon the bank in front of the rifle pits, when the enemy gave way in great confusion, and fled toward the fords.

Just at this time word came to Gen. Lee that the Yankees, taking advantage of our small force at Fredericksburg, had crossed the river, driven Barksdale from the town, gained possession of the heights in the rear, and captured several pieces of the Washington Artillery. McLaws, with a large force, was sent down to dislodge them. He met them at Salem Church, four miles short of Fredericksburg. Gen. Early had driven them from Marye's Heights, and was pressing hard upon their rear. Our troops rushed upon them like a whirlwind, and pursued them till night closed upon the scene. The next day they fell upon them again with terrible slaughter. At nightfall they paused, and waited for the moon; and when she arose, they renewed the pursuit, drove the enemy headlong into the river, and kept up a continual fire upon him till he gained the other side, killing a great number during the transit.

Gen. Lee now determined to make short work with Hooker at United States Ford. The day following, in a heavy rain, he marched his forces back to Chancellorsville. As the night set in the storm increased, and the next morning torrents were pouring from the clouds. A movement was impossible before nine o'clock, when a reconnoisance resulted in the discovery that the game was gone. Hooker, taking advantage of the storm, had withdrawn the shattered remnant of his army, and was safe on the other side of the Rappahannock. So ended the sixth "On to Richmond."

This was to the Yankees probably the most disastrous conflict of the war. The battle ground extended some twenty miles along the south side of the Rappahannock, from Deep Run below Fredericksburg to the mouth of the Rappidan above. One who passed over the scene a week after the battle, says the densely wooded land about Chancellorsville, covered with the thickest undergrowth ever seen, was literally cleared by the grape, canister, schrapnel, and solid shot, which for so many days rained through it. Everything he saw indicated the severity of the fight, and attested the heroic courage of the victors. The fortifications were extensive, and fronted in every direction. There were seven lines of breastworks, reaching from United States Ford to within half a mile of Chancellorsville. These were constructed of logs, dirt, and dead horses, and all their approaches were protected by felled trees. Though plunderers of every class, civil and military, had gone over the field again and again, and though government wagons were still busy in carrying away

the spoils, yet the ground was everywhere strewed with blankets, overcoats, canteens, cartridge boxes, and every variety of article suitable for the soldier. which seemed to lie as little regarded as shells along the strand; while small arms of all descriptions were stacked like cord-wood on every part of the field, and were still being brought in from every direction. Here and there might be seen caisons which had been taken from the enemy, and there were several pieces of captured artillery not yet removed from the field. From Salem Church to the Wilderness-a distance of eight miles—the Plank Road, and the ground on both sides, were strewed with Yankee dead. And so was the bank of the river, from Fredericksburg to the mouth of the Rapidan-fifteen miles-with both the roads by which the enemy fled from Chancellorsville to the fords.

Hooker's plan, as detailed by an intelligent prisoner, was to fortify himself at Chancellorsville, while Sedgwick was to cross at Fredericksburg, turn our right flank, and seize the railway at Hamilton's Crossing. Stoneman, meantime, with his six thousand marauders, was to make a circuit in our rear, by way of the Central Railroad, the Chickahominy, and the Peninsula, cutting our most important line of communication, and doing mischief miscellaneously to the extent of his ability. The last item is the only part of the programme that did not wholly miscarry; and even that, considering Stoneman's force and facilities, was a very indifferent success. They burnt a railway station, and a large quantity of grain belonging

to the Government; demolished a locomotive, a few bridges, and eighty or ninety wagons; captured an ambulance train, full of sick and wounded soldiers, whom they paroled; did all the damage they could to the plantations as they passed, firing houses, stealing horses, and kidnapping negroes; and last, but not least, broke gallantly into a village grocery, seized the rice and sugar, sold them to the darkies at a dollar per bushel, and, pulling the plugs from the casks, flooded the floor with molasses.

Hooker's force, as admitted by the Northern press, amounted to a hundred and fifty-nine thousand; while Lee's was not more than fifty thousand. We killed and wounded from fifteen to twenty thousand, took ten thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, forty thousand stand of small arms, and an immense quantity of ammunition, clothing, medicines, and commissary supplies, with a loss, on our side, of less than ten thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing. A good week's work!

Some of the officers among the Yankee prisoners declared that they were beaten because they had no General. One of them said that Burnside, last December, was only repulsed, but that Hooker had got the grandest drubbing ever given to a military commander. Meanwhile the Northern press—the World, the Times, the Herald, &c.—is down upon "the new Napoleon" with a heavy pressure, accusing him of cowardice, mendacity, and the worst of generalship. Poor Joe! But "Republics are always ungrateful."

wreek of battles was the recapture of Marye's Height by Early. It is said that Sedgwick plied his men freely with the whisky bottle before he took the position, that the front ranks were actually pushed forward with bayonets at their backs, and every one in the rear was ordered to smite down the first that faltered. Thus they gained the crest of the hill, which was defended by a very small force. they had not been there long, when Early's men sprang upon them like tigers, and they fled like sheep. Hotly pursued, they ran to the bridges, plunged into the river, sought concealment in the bushes, and fell like the Midianites before Gideon and his three hundred. An officer, trying to escape through the town, was discovered by several young ladies, who instantly gave chase, ran down their game, captured him in a garden, and locked him up till our troops arrived.

The next day a Yankee shouted across the river to one of our pickets, "We are going to have a new General." "Who?" asked the picket. "Fremont," replied the Yankee; "he will give us a gay campaign; Jackson will whip him with his left hand, if he has lost it."

VIII.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

(MAY, 1863)

"On the whirlwind of the war,
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a guiding star,
To his foes consuming fire.

"Then the mighty poured their breath, Slaughter feasted on the brave; "Twas the carnival of death, "Twas the vintage of the grave."

MONTGOMERY.

Gen. T. J. Jackson's ancestry were English. His father was a lawyer of some distinction in Harrison county, Virginia. By becoming security for a friend, he lost his property; and died when Thomas was but three years old, leaving his family destitute. An uncle adopted the boy, and sent him to school. At the age of seventeen he was admitted as a cadet into the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated four years afterward with distinction.

He entered the United States service, as Brevet Lieutenant, under Gen. Zachary Taylor. Before the termination of the Mexican war, he had risen, by successive promotions for gallant and meritorious

conduct, to the rank of Brevet Major. The rigors of the campaign had so impaired his health that he now retired from the army, and accepted a professorship in the Military Institute.

At the opening of the present struggle, he repaired promptly to Richmond, and reported to Governor Letcher for duty. He was immediately commissioned as Colonel, and assigned to the command of Harper's Ferry. He entered upon this important service on the third day of May, 1861; and from that time till he received his disabling wound—exactly two years—he was never once absent from duty. What military man, in any nation or any age, has, in so short a time, achieved so splendid a fame?

I shall not attempt the history of his career, but only give the reader a few incidents connected with its close, and refer him to the world's estimate of his military genius and the moral grandeur of his character.

The messenger who bore the tidings of General Jackson's injury to Gen. Lee, on Sunday morning, reports the latter as exclaiming, "Thank God that it is no worse! God be praised that he is yet alive!" and then adding, "Any victory is a dear one that deprives us, even for a short time, of the services of Gen. Jackson." He immediately sent back the following:

"GENERAL: I have just received your note, informing me that you are wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have dictated events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

To the reading of this note Gen. Jackson listened with tears, and then said, "Far better for the Confederacy that ten Jacksons should have fallen than one Lee, but the General ought to give the glory of the victory to God."

When Mrs. Jackson arrived at Gen. Lee's headquarters in quest of her wounded husband, she is said to have remarked, "I am told that Gen. Jackson has lost his left arm." "Yes, Madam," replied the General very sadly, "and I have lost my right."

The wounded hero was taken to the house of Mr. Thomas Chandler in Caroline, where all was done for him that skill and kindness could do, but in vain. His arm was amputated, and he might have recovered; but pneumonia supervened, and his system, prostrated as it was, was unable to cast off the disease.

The occasion of this malady furnishes a delightful illustration of the General's kind and unselfish character. The night before the battle was spent upon the field, and Jackson had no blanket. A member of his staff offered him a cape, which he modestly declined, saying that the young man needed it himself. The latter urged him, however; and he at length reluctantly accepted it, and lay down. Watching till the young man's breathing indicated that he was fast asleep, the General arose, laid the cape carefully over him, and spent the night himself without a covering. This exposure produced a cold, which terminated in pneumonia, and shortened the good man's life.

.On his sick bed, the General retained his former

cheerfulness. After the amputation of his arm, he remarked to a friend the pleasurable sensations produced by chloroform, stating that he was conscious of everything done to him, that the sawing of the bone sounded to him like the sweetest music, and that every feeling was one of unmingled delight. Pointing to his maimed arm, he said to an aid, "Many people would regard this as a great misfortune; I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life. Mr. S. remarked, "All things work together for good to those that love God." "Yes, yes," he replied emphatically, "that's it! that's it!"

From a newspaper account of his last days, I cannot forbear making a few extracts:

"His mind ran very much on the Bible and religious topics. He inquired of Licut. S., a theological student on his staff, whether they had ever debated in the Seminary the question, whether those who were miraculously cured by Jesus ever had a return of the disease. 'I do not think,' said he, 'they could have returned, for the power was too great. The poor paralytic would never again shake with palsy. Oh! for infinite power!'

"He endeavored to cheer those who were around him. Noticing the sadness of his beloved wife, he said to her tenderly, 'I know you would gladly give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad. I hope I shall recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayer to use the petition, Thy will be done.' Those who were around him noticed a remarkable development of tenderness in his manner and feelings during his illness, that was a beautiful mellowing of that iron sternness and imperturbable calm that characterized him in his military operations. Advising his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, he remarked, 'You have a kind and good father. But there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father.' When she told him the doctors did not think he could live two hours, although de did not expect to die, he replied, 'It

will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven, and be with Jesus.' He then said he had much to say to her, but was too weak.

"He had always desired to die, if it were God's will, on the Sabbath, and seemed to greet its light that day with peculiar pleasure, saying, with evident delight, 'It is the Lord's day,' and inquired anxiously what provision had been made for preaching to the army; and having ascertained that arrangements were made, he was contented. Delirium, which occasionally manifested itself during the last two days, prevented some of the utterances of his faith, which would otherwise have doubtless been made. His thoughts vibrated between religious subjects and the battle field; now asking some questions about the Bible, or church history, and then giving an order-' Pass the infantry to the front'-' Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men'--'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees'-until at last his gallant spirit gently passed over the dark river, and entered on its rest where the tree of life is blooming beside the crystal river in the better country.

* * * * * * * *

"Thus passed away the high-souled, heroic man, falling like Sydney and Hampden in the beginning of the struggle to which his life was devoted, bequeathing to those who survive him a name and memory that under God may compensate for this hasty, and to us, apparently, untimely fall. A little child of the family, when the hero was dying, was taunted with Jackson's wound by some of the prisoners who were collected there awaiting transportation. 'We have a hundred Jacksons left if he does die,' was the heroic reply of the child. And so we trust it will be. The spirit of Jackson will be breathed into a thousand hearts which will emulate his bravery, and seek to make up for his loss; and in the end his memory and glory, his holy life, his manly piety, and his glorious death, may be a richer blessing to us than if his life had been spared. He has shown the way to victory; and we trust that many a gallant spirit will come forward eagerly to tread it, and that our dead hero shall be worth to us more than a host of living ones. It will be if we copy his piety as well as his bravery, and like him cherish that feeling

that he so strikingly expressed as he passed his tent before the battle, 'My trust is in the Lord—I wish they would come on.'"

The following, from one of our Southern journals, is a just tribute to the virtues of the great departed:

"In camp and throughout the country Stonewall Jackson was almost a popular idol, and his uniform success in scores of hard fought battles had given him the prestige of invincibility. Everybody had learned to feel that wherever Stonewall Jackson struck, the foe must fly. Even our enemies had learned a mortal dread of him, and went far beyond the Confederates in their estimation of his relative capacity and prowess as a military leader. They ranked him as the great overshadowing hero of the war, and we doubt not, when they hear that he is dead, they will regard their late misfortune upon the Rappahannock fully compensated. He was, in truth, a military and moral hero of grand proportions-a man of such high excellence as to surround with an atmosphere of grandeur and religious and moral sacredness the cause he espoused and the triumphs he won He combined the stern religious enthusiasm of the great martialist of the English commonwealth with the chivalrous ardor of the cavalier, and infused his own spirit into his legions. He feared and shunned no responsibility, but was never guilty of imprudence or rashness. He was equally prompt, resolute and astute. Wielding the sledge hammer of an Ajax, he never struck a wild blow or missed his mark.

"Almost adored by his own soldiers, he was, nevertheless, the most exacting commander; but he shared with his followers every personal hardship he imposed. With all his fame, popularity and glorious achievements, he was never assuming, egotistical or troublesome. Such a character is not often developed among men. Our loss seems well nigh irreparable, but heaven will appoint and bring to light other instrumentalities to accomplish its own purposes. The career of Stonewall Jackson is one of the blessings to mankind which has been developed by this terrible war. His character and example will ever shine forth as one of the brightest beacon lights to the Christian soldier and patriot. He has not been lost to the South. His memory is precious. His fame and name are part of our common glory,

and will inspire and encourage others to tread in his pathway of moral and military heroism. We have still great military heroes; we have still left to us the great Captains who thus far have so successfully directed the struggle and marshalled the immense hosts, which stand as a rampart between us and the enemy. Let the country lift up its bowed head, and, resigned to the will of God in this terrible bereavement, give way to no idle and useless despondency. The cause will go on and prosper, though Stonewall Jackson is dead."

Gen. McClellan expressed himself much grieved at the death of Jackson, and said of him: "No one can help admiring a man like Jackson. He was sincere, and true, and valiant. Yet no one has disappointed me more than he has. Jackson was one of my classmates, and at college never promised to be the man he has proved himself. He was always very slow, and acquired a lesson only after great labor. And yet his determination was so great that he never gave anything up until he succeeded. His character seems to have changed since, for he has exhibited a great celerity in all his movements, while in command of rebel forces. Lee is, perhaps, the most able commander the rebels have, and Jackson was their best executive officer."

At the annual dinner of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the twenty-fifth of May, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, M. P., said he could not forget that lamentable news had that day reached them, to the effect that one of the noblest descendants of the English race—Stonewall Jackson—was now no more. The British press also teemed with notices of our fallen hero, of which the following are a few specimens:

"Stonewall Jackson will carry with him to his early grave the regrets of all who can admire greatness and genius. From the earliest days of the war he has been conspicuous for the most remarkable military qualities. That mixture of daring and judgment, which is the mark of 'Heaven-born' Generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time. Although the young Confederacy has been illustrated by a number of eminent soldiers, yet the applause and devotion of his countrymen, confirmed by the judgment of European nations, have given the first place to Gen. Jackson. The military feats he accomplished moved the minds of people with astonishment which it is only given to the highest genius to produce. The blows he struck at the enemy were as terrible and decisive as those of Bonaparte himself. The march by which he surprised the army of Pope last year would be enough in itself to give him a high place in military history. But perhaps the crowning glory of his life was the great battle in which he fell. When the Federal commander, by crossing the river twelve miles above his camp, and pressing on, as he thought, to the rear of the Confederates, had placed them between two bodies of his army, he was so confident of success as to boast that the enemy was the property of the Army of the Potomac. It was reserved to Jackson, by a swift and secret march, to fall upon his right wing, crush it, and, by an attack unsurpassed in fierceness and pertinacity, to drive his very superior forces back into a position from which he could not extricate himself except by flight across the river. In the battle of Sunday, Jackson received two wounds-one in the left arm, the other in the right hand. Amputation of the arm was necessary, and the Southern hero sank under the effect of it, supported to the last by his simple and noble character and strong religious faith." London Times.

"Add to the splendid valor of a Murat, the fervid faith of a Cromwell, and the unbroken success of a Havelock, and we have a Captain whose waving sword and fearless voice the Southern whites would have followed 'to the pit.' That he never lived to exchange a division for an army, a flying corps for the massed columns of the field of battle, may perhaps have been good for his fame; but the leader who could find the weak place in Hooker's line at Chancellorsville, and hurl his 25,000 troops upon

it so soon as found as Jackson did, would surely have ripened into a renowned General. Assuredly the most fatal shot of the war to the Confederates, whether fired by friend or foe, was that which struck down the life of Stonewall Jackson—a soldier every inch of him, for whatever cause he contended."—London Telegraph.

"Jackson, like the Puritans, was austere and devout; but whilst his religion taught him humility and dependence upon his Creator, it did not lead him to confound the true nature of the objects for which both he and his followers were striving, and to suppose that because their ends were noble, therefore, they were the champions of God. If he was occasionally a preacher in the camp, he was also a skillful and gallant General in the field; and it is not surprising that those who had so frequently followed him to victory should have considered him as specially favored by Providence, and have regarded him with feelings akin to devotion. As a soldier he will hold probably the foremost place in the history of the great American civil war. His name is indelibly associated with the most brilliant achievements of the Confederate armies; for to those achievements by his genius and his courage he more than any one else specially contributed. Strategic ability is the most valuable qualification a General can possess, but it is not always that consummate military tacticians command the confidence of their followers, or insure the success of the operations they conduct. It was, however, the rare good fortune of General Jackson to lead men who, whilst their courage was exalted in an extraordinary degree by the conviction that nothing could be worse than defeat, were inspired with an unshaken faith in the genius and ability of their General. To follow Jackson they knew was to march to certain victory; and, if it was necessary that success should be purchased at the cost of many lives, that reflection did not dispirit them; for the cause in which they were fighting stripped death of all its terrors."-London Post.

"He was animated by the spirit which rendered the soldiers of the Commonwealth irresistible in fight—which carried Havelock through incredible dangers to the gates of Lucknow in triumph. The christian and patriot soldier achieved the last and greatest of his successes in dying for his country. He perished doubly a martyr, and in his last breath attested the righteousness of the cause which he sealed with his blood. The Northern Republic has produced no heroes of the stamp of Jackson. One such man might be the salvation of them yet. Blatant demagogues at home, bragging imbeciles in the field, afford a spectacle so absurd, and yet so painful, that Europe knows not whether to laugh or weep at the degradation of her children. The Northerners want a man to do a man's work. The only great men of the war have been developed in the South. It is very difficult to explain this. Some may call it a fatality, some a providential arrangement. That it is a fact is at present enough for us."—London Herald.

To conclude. Gen. Jackson's character for firmness, prudence, courage, energy and patriotism, all sanctified by the grace of God, fully justified his nom de guerre. He was the "Stonewall" of the South!

- "Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight, Not in the rush upon the Vandal foe, Did kingly Death, with his resistless might, Lay the Great Leader low.
- "His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
 In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
 When all the storm was hush'd, the trusty oak
 That propp'd our cause went down.
- "Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
 Recalling all his grand, heroic deeds,
 Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
 And all the country bleeds.
- "He entered not the nation's Promised Land,
 At the red belching of the cannon's mouth;
 But broke the House of Bondage with his wand—
 The Moses of the South!
- "O gracious God! not gainless is the loss!

 A glorious sunbeam gilds Thy sternest frown;

 And while his country staggers with the cross,

 He rises with the crown!"

ANON.

TX.

ROMANTIC STEEPLE-CHASE.

(JUNE, 1863.)

"They fled, forgetful of their former fame."

POPE'S HOMER.

In the latter days of May occurred one of the most remarkable affairs of this very remarkable war. It happened on this wise:

On Tuesday, the twenty-fourth of May, the enemy showed himself in force near Tuscumbia, North Alabama. Gen. Forrest, then at Decatur, hastened down the river to meet him. This demonstration of the Yankees, however, was intended to conceal an ulterior design of great importance. While Forrest was engaging them at Tuscumbia, Col. Strait, of Indiana, at the head of eighteen hundred cavalrypicked men from five different regiments-passed through Moulton, twenty miles south of the scene of conflict, in the direction of Rome, Ga. Forrest's scouts brought him word of this movement the next morning. Instantly the whole scheme flashed upon his mind. Dividing his forces, he sent Roddy and Edmondson on the trail of Strait; while he, with Starnes' and Biffle's regiments, marched up the south bank of the Tennessee to head them off, in case he should see a ghost and attempt to return.

The remainder of this interesting story I will tell in the language of one who had it from General Forrest's own mouth—The editor of the Atlanta Confederacy:

"Thus divided, both parties of our forces marched all Wednesday night. On Thursday morning, about seven o'clock, Roddy and Edmondson came upon the rear of the enemy and fired a volley into them, which was the first intimation they had of pursuit, and took them completely by surprise, causing them to skedaddle from the rear, leaving many mules and burning several wagons. When this frightened rear of the enemy came up with the advance, Col. Strait put his whole command in line of battle. Roddy and Edmondson, still pursuing, came up with the enemy's line on the summit of a high mountain, and immediately attacked the entire force. It was a desperate fight, and lasted three hours. when Roddy was compelled to fall back by the superior force of the enemy, leaving two of his guns in their hands. His force fell back in good order, and remained with their arms in their hands till Forrest came up, having despatched a courier to the General for that purpose.

"In this desperate fight, I regret to say, Captain William H. Forrest, a brother of the General, was badly wounded by a Minie ball which broke his thigh. The General had him carried back to the Valley, leaving with him, to take care of him, a surgeon and his own little son Willie, only sixteen years of age, who has been at his father's side in every battle up to this time, and was once badly wounded. This son of Forrest has, with his own hand, killed no less than seven Yankee soldiers.

"All Forrest's force south of the Tennessee being again united, he placed them in line of battle and advanced on the enemy, but the latter had left, pushing on in this direction. He then again divided his force, sending Roddy and Edmondson to the left to mind the passes towards the river, while he with about 800 men, composed of Biffle's and Starnes' regiments, pursued the Yankees closely

for eight miles, when he came up with Strait's command in line of battle about dark, in a very strong position. He promptly attacked them, and fought them for three hours, during all of which time the battle raged furiously. The combatants were frequently so close that the flash of the guns of the one party illuminated the very features of the other. Here Gen. Forrest had two horses wounded and one killed under him. Though always in the lead and in the thickest of the fight, yet, wonderful to relate, he escaped unhurt. Finally, he ordered a charge, which his tired but brave men gloriously responded to, when the entire Yankee force broke in confusion and ran, leaving the two guns they had captured from Roddy in the morning. They also left hundreds of mules and their dead and wounded on the field.

"The wild fright and braying of the mules, the booming of cannon, the rattle of small arms in the still hours of the night—the reverberation of this awful collision of arms echoing from the mountain top back to the valleys below, was a scene terribly sublime, whose grandeur can never be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed or participated in the fight. In this engagement, about twenty of the enemy were killed and forty wounded. Forrest had only one man killed and a few wounded.

"He immediately gave chase to the retreating foe, overhauling their rear about twelve o'clock at night. Here, some six miles from the late battle ground, the enemy again made a stand. Forrest commenced shelling them, skirmishers in the advance firing on them with small arms. The Yankees again ran, leaving more mules, wagons, &c. They now began to realize the kind of man that was after them, and, to facilitate their flight, began to throw away and pitch from their wagons everything that was burdensome or calculated to retard their speed. Their meat, flour, meal, crackers, boxes of guns and carbines, old pans, clothes, shoes, &c., &c., were left in their rear; in fact, the road was strewed with all the usual evidences of the wildest Yankee flight.

"About two o'clock in the night they reached a rugged mountain stream, making a very formidable position, where they attempted another stand; but the indomitable and never-tiring Forrest, with his daring rebels, were close upon their heels, and

again commenced a vigorous shelling, which the Yankees could not stand, and again fled in confusion. Well might they conclude 'there is no peace for the wicked.'

"At this point Forrest waited for the light of a new day, and for his men in the rear who were on jaded horses to come up. When morning came they were all together again in the saddle, and crossed the stream. The road was clear of Yankees till they arrived at Blountville, in Blount county, where Forrest again encountered them, charged upon them and captured twenty-five of their rear guard, several wagons and more mules, and pressed them so closely that they set fire to and abandoned seventeen wagons, but our vigorous commander came up in time to save several of them.

"The pursuit was continued to Black Warrior river, some ten miles this side of Blountville, where the General stopped, fed his hungry, jaded horses, and gave his men a little rest. Here it is well for the reader to bear in mind that these brave and true men had followed and kept up with their bold and untiring leader, vieing with each other who should keep nearest him, having an instinctive faith that nothing could hurt them if they kept under the eye of the man they so much idolized, and whose courage and tact they believe will always lead them safely through every emergency. It is remarkable how completely these brave and hardy men lose sight of all danger or care for themselves, and move as one man at the will of their leader.

"A little before daylight on Saturday morning he again pushed forward. The enemy now showed every sign of fatigue and fright, and burned every bridge they crossed. It must not be forgotten that they stole every horse and mule they could lay their hands on, which deprived Gen. Forrest of the chance to obtain fresh animals. The Yankees ran into houses, took all the food that was cooked, and all the watches and valuables they could find in a hurried search, but doing no further damage up to this time.

"Here I may as well mention that Gen. Forrest set out on this great chase with only three days' rations for his men and none for his horses, and kept up the pursuit and running fight by day and night without any fresh horses—his march averaging forty-

one miles per day. Three days of the time, while crossing the mountains, his horses had but ten ears of corn each, divided to them, of what the Yankees threw away in their fright.

"At Black Creek, a very deep, rapid stream, beyond Gadsden, they burned the bridge and planted their artillery to prevent Forrest from getting any farther. Upon reaching it, he found he could not ford it. This was the first serious obstacle in the way of the intrepid rebels. At this moment a beautiful young girl came out to the road from a house close by, her countenance radiant with patriotic enthusiasm, and addressed the General thus: 'Ride up, General, to this log. Let me get up behind you. I can soon show you a ford where you can cross, just above the bridge.' The General obeyed orders; the young girl leaped up behind him, and they were about to proceed, when her mother came out and said: 'Stop, Anna, people may talk about you.' 'I must go, mother,' she replied; 'I am not afraid to trust myself anywhere with as brave a man as General Forrest. Southern men always protect the innocent and helpless.'

"The General, with his new pilot, dashed off through the woods, over logs, brush, &c., and in a few moments struck the path leading to the ford. Arriving there, he discovered that the enemy had already sent a few to guard the ford. 'Get down, General,' said the girl, 'and walk behind me; they will not shoot while I am before you.' 'No,' said the General; 'I am willing to make a guide, but not a battery, of a young lady.'

"The command, with their guns, soon came up, when a few shells drove off the guard. Forrest then ordered all the ammunition to be taken out of the caissons. Some of the men stripped themselves, and pushed the horses down the steep bank and up one equally precipitous on the opposite side, and pulled the artillery across by hand in the same way. In two hours all were over, and again in the saddle in pursuit of their game, pushed on to Gadsden. Here Gen. Forrest started a courier to this place to advise the authorities and citizens of the place to prepare for them and hold them in check till he could come up. It was now late Saturday evening. He selected 300 of his men who were best mounted, and about eleven miles this side of Gadsden, near Turkeytown, he came up with the entire force of the enemy in

ambush near night. He ordered an immediate charge, which he headed. The General says that every one of his jaded horses seemed animated with new life, and came up to the word like fresh animals. He says he never saw anything like it Here Gol. Hathaway, the favorite officer of the Yankees, was killed—it is thought, by a private named Joseph Martin, a mere youth, of Company 'G,' Biffle's regiment, with an Enfield rifle, at the distance of six hundred yards. This was a severe loss to the Yankees, and did much to dishearten them. Several of their best men were here killed and wounded. Forrest lost two of his gallant men—privates Hunt, of Starnes', and Roachea, of Biffle's regiments. This battle was on Mr. Blount's farm, and the Yanks, it is supposed, in spite for the loss of one of their favorite Colonels, burnt his gin-house, stables, cribs, &c., and also burned up the Round Mountain Iron Works.

"It was now dark, and night had put an end to the fight. Forrest waited till all of his men came up, who, though left in the rear with their jaded animals, were hurrying after their glorious leader as fast as possible. When they all came up, Forrest again ordered all to advance, when they found the Yankees had left under cover of darkness, and were pushing on to this place.

"About sunrise on Sunday morning, General F. encountered another stream—the Catoosa River—where the Yankees had burned Dykes' Bridge. Here they again dismounted, stripped and carried over their guns and ammunition by hand—all in one hour, and again pressed forward. About fine o'clock he again came up with and fired into their rear while they were at breakfast. They again fled, leaving mules, wagons, all their hot coffee, &c., &c.; but when they reached the front of the Yankee forces, they were halted by Col. Strait and ordered into line of battle. This was some twenty miles west of Rome.

"Here Forrest promptly sent in a flag of truce, and demanded the surrender of the whole Yankee command. This was the boldest game of bluff on record. Forrest, with less than 500 men, on worn-out horses, demanding the surrender of 1368 privates and 101 officers, all well armed and in line of battle! For cool audacity, it excels all history or imagination.

"It must be remembered that when he sent back Roddy and

Edmonson, he started on the chase with about 800 men, ten of whom had been killed, forty wounded, others left, and details sent back, till his actual force was less than 500. During the chase, he had captured and sent back over 300 of the Yanks. Col. Strait sent forward towards this city 175 scouts, who were at that moment hovering around, and this shows their relative strength.

"Upon this bold demand, a parley took place between Gen. F. and Col. Strait, that resulted in the surrender of the entire command, with 1500 mules and horses, 60 carbines and pistols, 1300 Enfield rifles, besides arms and divers other articles, amounting in all to over half a million's worth, embracing every comfort and convenience for a select command of 1800 men, who were detailed specially by Gen. Rosecrans for this important expedition. They came from Nashville on a boat to Eastport, near Tuscumbia, where they debarked. Their instructions were to cross Sand Mountain, come to this city, burn all government stores, workshops, foundries, bridges, &c.; then the bridges on the State road; then to push direct to Atlanta and burn everything there; then make their escape, if possible, through the mountains. If they should succeed in accomplishing their hellish work, they were to be rewarded by a large bounty and a discharge from service.

"The 175 scouts who had been sent forward to reconnoitre this city encountered the pickets who had been sent out by General Black of the militia, and Col. Campbell, the commandant of this post. This timely preparation was the fruit of the hard riding, spurred on by the patriotism of Mr. Wisdom, who lived near Gadsden, to give the people warning, and reached Rome at 12 o'clock Saturday night. The courier of Gen. F. reached here on Sunday morning. Mr. Wisdom had come on his own hook ahead of the General's courier.

"These 175 Yankee scouts, when they encountered the pickets, turned back to report. When they had gone about fifteen miles, they met their picked brigade of horse-stealing, house burning, watch-thieving vandals, in charge of Forrest's men.

"It is a little singular that Col. Strait should have surrendered in 'Straight Neck District,' Cherokee county, Ala, within two

miles of the Georgia line. These scouts were added to the force of the men in charge of Forrest's men. The whole were marched into this city on Monday morning, in the midst of manifestations of joy and triumph by the people, such as is seldom witnessed in any age or country."

X.

THUGS AND RAIDS.

(JUNE -JULY, 1863.)

The Hills! the Alleghany Hills! What Alpine peaks are prouder? But Tory traitors wander there, And laugh at lead and powder!

Unakah, with his sombre woods,
Deep glens, and gloomy gorges;
The Iron Mount, the Chimney Top,
Grim Vulcan's ancient forges;

The Butt, the Bald, the Buffalo,
The Black, the Roan, the Yellow;
The Grandpa, seated there beside
His good old female fellow;*

The Holston, and the lesser hills, Like smiling sons and daughters, That sit around, and bathe their feet In blue Wataugah's waters;

^{*} The Grandmother.

With Lincoln's lustful Thugs, alas!

Are far and near infested;

And crag, and cliff, and dome sublime,
With crimson stains are crested.

Awake, O Justice! Freedom calls!
And smite amid the mountains!
Avenge her desecrated home,
And cleanse her gory fountains!

Arise, and deal the dastard crew Their due reward of glory; And let their dangling forms adorn Each oak and pine tree hoary!

For such can ne'er converted be
By love and gentle dealing,
In whom the demon thirst of blood
Hath quenched all human feeling.

Awake, and wipe from out the world
These blots and blurs infernal!
And let their children curse their names
To infamy eternal!

I meant to write a motto; and lo, a poem! I rode my Pegasus to the river; and he went cantering away to the skies! Well, nothing is strange now; men marvel no more at miracles.

I have been among the red-fanged wolves of the Wataugah, and heard the hyenas laughing from their laurel coverts in the Chilhowee.

The Hon. and Rev. N. G. Taylor lives in Happy Valley—happy now no longer—a paradise with demons. Its fields are as fruitful as Sharon, but they are trodden by Tory feet. Its air is as balmy as Albano, but it is poisoned by the traitor's breath.

Its scenery is as beautiful as Salerno, but it is haunted by the robber and the murderer. There are diamonds, however, in this recking mass—men with brains, and hearts, and consciences—as true to the South as Jonathan was to David. My friend T is loyal, of course—loyal to the core. Did you not read his letter to the public? Does he not pray for "the rulers of this people," and "the speedy termination of this unhappy war?" Did he not treat me like a Southern patriot and Christian brother? I have bound the "scarlet thread" in his window.

The hill that overlooks Elizabethton affords one of the most charming prospects I ever enjoyed—silver streams meandering through leagues of emerald and gold, walled in by "the masonry of God." The little town itself lies there, like Domo D'Osola, locked in the embrace of the "everlasting hills." Who could imagine it to be a nest of vipers? Yet has it furnished the Federal army a Major General, a Brigadier General, four or five Colonels, numerous officers of inferior rank, and I know not how many soldiers; and in these mountains now, perhaps not five miles distant, some of its citizens are "lying in wait for blood."

These despicable outlaws sometimes descend in gangs to the valley, stealing horses, robbing larders, burning houses, and committing the most diabolical atrocities. Fired with the spirit of Lincoln, Johnson, Rosecrans and Company, Spanish brigands and Italian bandits are angels of mercy in the comparison. Occasionally our scouts capture a few of

them, who are kept in custody for a season on a somewhat frugal diet, and then turned loose to play the fiend again.

It is an interesting fact, and very suggestive, that the property of these desperadoes, and of their renegade friends in the Yankee army, remains intact, their families undisturbed, their mills grinding upon the streams, and their wheat fields undulating to the breeze. No severe measures have been taken against them, no oaths or bonds required of them, no depredations committed upon their premises. Would that the world could see the contrast!

As I stood upon the crest of the hill, below me lay the charred ruins of a barn, a carriage house, and other out-buildings, belonging to Mrs. Carter, daughter of Brig. Gen. Jackson—the work of these halter-worthy patriots. They had fired the widow's dwelling also, but Providence prevented the catastrophe; and the noble heroine, "tranquil amid alarms," with her little ones around her, still mourning for the martyred husband and father, bravely maintains her position upon the Wataugah.

Of course, these villains are of the canaille, equally void of culture and of conscience; but they are prompted and supported by the "respectable Union men" of East Tennessee—honest and excellent citizens—professors of religion and preachers of the gospel, who "only differ with us in political opinions," and who "ought to be conciliated by kindness," and not "alienated by hard speeches and exasperated by needless severity." Most admirable

policy, no doubt, and eminently Christian! Would it not be well to preach the same evangel to your civil authorities concerning all highway robbers and murderers?

The war seems to interrupt but slightly the intercourse of these mountain Thugs with their Yankee masters and co-traitors in Kentucky. They are constantly receiving letters from them, and some of these letters of late have been full of comfort and encouragement. The fugitives promise to return by harvest, and mete out to "the rebels" the full awards of vengeance. The women of the place, like Sisera's mother, "look out through the lattice, and cry from the window, Why is his chariots olong in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?" while the men sit at the street corners, and discuss the approaching fate of Vicksburg, and confidently expect the Yankee advent in East Tennessee to follow its capture.

Saturday morning, the thirteenth of June, come joyful tidings. The "Union troops" are advancing in two grand columns through the mountain gaps. In ten minutes the little town is all astir. There is earnest whispering upon the streets, with much curt and rapid gesticulation, and quick glances on all sides. The ladies fill the doors and windows, with jubilee in their faces, and talk loudly of retribution for the rebels. Two horsemen appear, one of whom gallops off toward the mountains. It is not difficult to conjecture the mission. We shall see something before to-morrow.

Hold, my too enthusiastic friends! You may possibly be deceived. Here is intelligence from the railroad. General Jackson has gone up with several regiments. You must wait a few days for your Yankee deliverers. You must bear a little longer the yoke which so galls your patriotic necks. Be quiet, and "let patience have her perfect work."

Having spent the Sabbath here somewhat religiously, I return to Torytown, preaching the Confederate Gospel at sundry posts and camps on my route:

Friday morning, the nineteenth, I set forth by railway to visit the garrison at Loudon. Having gone ten or twelve miles, the train suddenly stops. and begins running back. A Yankee raid ahead! They have cut the wires and torn up the track We were running into the snare, when an engine was sent to arrest our progress. Back to Knoxville. nightfall the enemy is near the town-five regiments of cavalry and mounted infantry. Picket firing is heard at intervals during the night. Our soldiers and citizens, though the preparation has been hasty, are ready to meet them. Saturday morning dawns upon a heavy fog. As soon as the sun lifts it away, the enemy appears within range of our guns. The stern entertainment opens with a solo from one of our batteries, which is soon followed by a grand chorus of artillery and small arms. Our citizens, of all degrees and occupations, are mingling in the scene, with muskets upon their shoulders, and pistols at their sides. Our pastors and editors lend a

helping hand. The Rev. Mr. Charlton stands all day by one of the batteries, and fires as effectually as he usually does from his sanctum. The Rev. Mr. Sullins, with his gentle wife, carries the breadbasket and the water-bucket to and fro among our gallant combatants. The Rev. Mr. Martin and his Brother Harrison are both upon the field, not without their fire arms. The hills are crested with ladies, cheering on their brave defenders, and waving defiance to the foe; while others, not less patriotic, are more usefully employed in the kitchen, preparing refreshments for their heroic friends. As I look down from an elevation commanding the entire panorama, a somewhat exciting spectacle meets my view, though not quite so imposing as what I witnessed at Perryville and Murfreesboro'

The vandals are repulsed; five or six of our men are slain; the gallant Colonel McClung is frightfully mangled, and dies soon afterward; Dr. Harvey Baker is brutally murdered in his own house, before his wife and children; many horses are stolen, a few negroes kidnapped, some miles of railroad disturbed, our telegraphic communication with Richmond broken, and several small bridges burned, besides the splendid one at Strawberry Plains. But our city is safe; our people are happy; and amid the funeral wail which vocalizes the solemn Sabbath stillness, our temples are ringing with the voice of rejoicing and praise!

At Strawberry Plains, however, the savages had everything their own way, and gave full scope to

their Yankee propensities. They broke open the houses, rifled them of their most valuable contents, and burned several of them to the ground. Looking glasses, and other furniture, and indeed whatever: they could not use or carry away, they ruthlessly destroyed. They demolished trunks, bureaus, wardrobes and dressing cases, appropriated from them such things as they fancied, and scattered the rest in remediless confusion over the floors. They tore fine. garments to shreds, threw them about the yards, and! strewed them for miles along the road. Many families had not a change of raiment left them. Theycut open the beds, and flung the feathers to the wind: or slept in them, with boots and spurs on. Rice, flour, meal, coffee and sugar, they threw into the yard and the street. They pillaged libraries, tore the books to pieces, and trampled the Blessed Volume beneath their feet. They fed their beasts in the gardens, and made a manger of a lady's escritoir. They defaced family likenesses, and committed private letters and valuable documents to the flames. They robbed every smoke-house, stole every horse accessible, shot cows and hogs in the streets, and bore off with them as many negroes as they could... In short, they acted just as a party of Yankees and. renegade East Tennesseeans might be expected to act. The latter "went out from us because they were not of us," and what better treatment could be looked for from such traitors? Their home allies hailed their advent with extravagant demonstrations of delight, flocking to their aid from every direction,

and following their retreat to gather up the spoils they were obliged to abandon. Some of the female fiends, who have been mercifully allowed to remain in our midst, while their husbands, fathers and brothers fled to the Northern army, or went to join the Thugs in the mountains, rejoiced openly in the wanton destruction of property, laughed at the suffering of their innocent neighbors, and eagerly appropriated whatever they could lay their thieving hands upon.

The banditti, however, were not permitted to "depart in peace." Pegram and Scott were on their trail; and they barely escaped by bridle-paths over the mountains, leaving their artillery behind, and a large portion of the plunder they had taken. Between thirty and forty of their number were brought prisoners to Knoxville, with the remains of the gallant Capt. Scott, who fell in the last effort to intercept their flight.

On the night of the thirtieth, a similar attempt was made in Gen. Bragg's rear. Fifteen hundred cavalry came to Dechard, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, thirteen miles southeast of Tullahoma. It was intended to be a general destruction of cars, engines, and government stores. But it proved a failure. Notice of their approach had been given, and the trains were removed. The telegraph operator remained at his post till the enemy arrived; then snatched up his apparatus, with a gun and a cartridge box, and made good his escape, by, a back way, to a place of safety. The Yankees came near

him, when he fired, and killed one of them, thought to have been a Captain. He immediately escaped, and joined a party of soldiers—about twenty—who were guarding the water tanks of the railroad. These were attacked by the Yankees, and forced to give way. They fled to a thick grove hard by, from which they fired on the villains for nearly an hour. The enemy destroyed the station house and one of the tanks, but did no other serious damage. government supplies they failed to find. menaced the ladies with guns, swords, pistols, bayonets, and all sorts of savage oaths and threats, but could not intimidate them so far as to make them tell where the staff of Confederate life was stored. About midnight they sought a safer position within the Federal lines.

This enterprise was undertaken in connection with a flank movement of Rosecrans, by the way of Carthage and Sparta, over the Cumberland Mountains; in consequence of which Gen. Bragg was obliged to fall back to Bridgeport and Chattanooga. His retreat, however, was accompanied with no disaster, beyond the loss of two or three heavy guns which he spiked, and a few stragglers who fell into the hands of the Yankees. The Tennessee is a better base line than Duck River, and we may yet have reason to rejoice in the change.

"'Tis late before the brave despair."

WISDOM versus WEAPONS.

(JULY, 1863.)

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

ECCLESIASTES IX: 18.

WE glory in the excellence of our arms. We boast of our superiority in this respect to the ancients. We attach great importance to such advantages, and rely upon them for the success of our campaigns. It is well. Let these things be properly estimated. But are we not in danger of overlooking what is much more essential to our prosperity? Is there nothing better than guns and bayonets? The Royal Preacher gives the preference to wisdom. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

Wisdom is the right use of knowledge, the pursuit of worthy ends by proper means; and if we take the word in this its ordinary sense, the truth of the text will be obvious to all. But in the writings of King Solomon, as often in other parts of the Holy Scriptures, wisdom has another and higher meaning—piety, practical religion, conformity of heart and life to the law of God; and attaching this signification to the term, who can question the statement of

the wisest of monarchs, "Wisdom is better than weapons of war?"

We will begin with some simple illustrations of this proposition in its lower application to secular affairs, and thus prepare the way for more copious discourse concerning its higher application to spiritual matters. And may God, mercifully grant me persuasive words, and you "a wise and understanding heart!"

I. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war," because it gains its advantages at less expense. Weapons of war are very costly, and millions of money are required to ensure their success. But wisdom wants no gold. "More precious than rubies," it is "without money and without price."

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war," because it wins its victories without sacrificing human life. Weapons of war strew the field with mangled and ghastly corpses, and fill the land with widows and orphans and broken hearts. But wisdom sheds no blood. Its tendency is to preserve life, and not to destroy. It resorts to counsel instead of appealing to the sword, and subdues its enemies without endangering its friends.

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war," because it leaves no wrecks or ruins as the landmarks of its progress. Weapons of war spread desolation and destruction on all sides; and buildings burned, and plantations devastated, and wealth scattered to the wind, everywhere attest the evils of international contention. But wisdom wastes no property It

accomplishes its beneficent purposes without injuring any man's estate. It turns no fruitful field into a wilderness, and disfigures the landscape with no smouldering heaps of demolished habitations.

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war," because it gives no encouragement to the malevolent and wicked passions. Weapons of war produce hatred, contempt, revenge, a thirst for blood; converting men into fiends, and rendering earth the counterpart of hell. But wisdom makes no enemies. It conciliates. It attracts love, inspires confidence, and binds communities and nations together in fraternal amity. It breathes something of the spirit of Christ's Evangel, and echoes the angelic proclamation—"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war," because its achievements are always of a much more valuable character. Weapons of war may overcome brute force, breaking the power of armies, subverting the thrones of monarchs, and arresting the course of incipient revolutions; while the mind remains unconvinced, the will unsubdued, and the heart still strong in its enmity. But wisdom eradicates the principle of hostility. It blasts the bitter fruit in the bud. It disarms enemies by making them friends. It occupies the mind, subjugates the will, and leads captive the heart. Therefore it is said, "He that winneth souls is wise."

These illustrations of the text in its lower application must suffice. Proceed we now to the higher.

II. Wisdom is true religion, evangelical godliness;

and this, whatever view we take of it, will be found superior to weapons of war.

We see its superiority in the excellence of its nature. Weapons are material: wisdom is spiritual. Weapons are terrestial: wisdom is celestial. Weapons are worn upon the person: wisdom is scated in the soul. Weapons are wielded by the warrior: wisdom controlls its possessor. Weapons are of earthly origin, human invention, satanic suggestion: wisdom, like "every good and perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." It is a beam divine, by which we see the invisible. It is the breath of God, inspiring a new life, and imparting a new nature. It is an influence from the Infinite Spirit, quickening the dead conscience, and purifying the polluted heart. It is a gracious power, which subjugates, exterminates all that is hostile to holiness within, "bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," and nerving every faculty to the conquest of the mighty host of spiritual foes that "beleaguer the human soul."

We read its superiority in the importance of its objects. Weapons are employed both for aggressive and for defensive purposes: so is wisdom, but in a very different way. Are weapons used to gain freedom? So is wisdom, but it is the freedom of the soul. To acquire riches? So is wisdom, but they are the "durable riches of righteousness." To augment power? So is wisdom, but it is power over the passions and the habits. To repel invasion? So is wisdom, but it is the invasion of the prince of

darkness. To expel enemies? So is wisdom, but they are the enemies intrenched within us. To extend dominion? So is wisdom, but it is the dominion of the world's Red-emer. To subjugate nations? So is wisdom, but they are the nations fighting against God. To liberate captives? So is wisdom, but they are the captives of sin and satan. To gratify revenge? So is wisdom, but it is revenge against the destroyers of our race. To secure commendation? So is wisdom, but it is the commendation of the Eternal Judge of quick and dead. To achieve glory and honor? So is wisdom, but it is the glory of a heavenly inheritance and the honor of an imperishable kingdom. These are objects worthy of angelic enterprise, and illustrative of the transcendent excellence of wisdom.

We observe its superiority in the purity of its principles. Weapons foster and encourage evil passions in the human heart, and stimulate all its corrupt and vicious propensities; while wisdom eradicates them, originates the opposite virtues, and cultivates in all their "beauty of holiness" the gracious "fruits of the Spirit." On the one side we see pride; on the other, humility—On the one side, contempt; on the other, courteous respect. On the one side, distrust; on the other, ingenuous confidence. On the one side, restless ambition; on the other, tranquil contentment.—On the one side, grasping avarice; on the other, open-handed beneficence. On the one side, bitter emulation; on the other, mutual aid and sympathy. On the one side, injustice and oppres-

sion; on the other, due regard for the rights of all. On the one side, deceit and wily treachery; on the other, unswerving truth and uncompromising fidelity. On the one side, turbulence, confusion and anarchy; on the other, the reign of divine law and angelic order. On the one side, savage brutality and diabolical cruelty; on the other, tears for all woes and help for all needs. On the one side, bitter and implacable malignity; on the other, the spontaneous flow of brotherly kindness and charity. On the one side, the desperate wrath and fury of revenge; on the other, meekness, gentleness, oblivion of injuries, and all the mind of Jesus. On the one side, an impious disregard of the Almighty's government; on the other, a profound reverence for his holy name, with an earnest desire to know and a settled purpose to do His blessed will. On the one side, an exemplification of the spirit and temper of hell; on the other, a practical illustration of those pure affections and hallowed influences which make men resemble the angels, and render our life "as the days of heaven upon earth." These are the ennobling principles of wisdom.

We perceive its superiority in the grandeur of its alliances. Weapons may secure an alliance with the governments of the world, with its wealth and power, its learning and eloquence, its useful and decorative arts, the glory of its monarchs, the policy of its statesmen, the influence of its sages, and the splendid renown of its conquerors. But wisdom boasts of loftier alliances with "the saints that are in the

earth, and the excellent in whom is all its delight;" "a holy nation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people;" the elite of the universe, the "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty," "whose names are in the book of life," whose robes of light, and harps of gold, and thrones of power, and crowns of glory, and palms of victory, await them in the city of "many mansions," the "house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens." It connects itself by invisible but indissoluble ties with the redeemed denizens of the "city of God," the purest and noblest men that ever lived and died, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, philanthropists and reformers, "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world,"

"Doers of illimitable good, Gainers of inestimable glory."

It claims community with the cherubim and the seraphim, spirits of light and love, the unshorn strength and unsulfied purity of heaven. It lays hold upon the throne of God, and establishes an everlasting covenant with the Almighty, and interests the Ruler and Proprietor of the universe in its cause. Such an alliance secures Divine sympathy, Heavenly recognition, efficient co-operation, help for all needs, succor in all troubles, defense against all dangers, deliverance from all enemies, the triumphant success of all enterprises, and the enjoyment of "all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And with this magnificent endowment of privileges, unknown to the hero of the battlefield, Wisdom,

strong in her weakness, rich in her poverty, happy in her misfortunes, tranquil amidst popular commotions, and fearless of ten thousand foes, sits singing in the house of her pilgrimage—

"Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring;

Let all the baleful planets shed

Their mingled curses round my head,

Their mingled curses I despise,

If but the Great Eternal King

Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes."

We confess its superiority in the character of its achievements. With arms men conquer inferiors or equals; through wisdom they overcome beings vastly greater than themselves-greater in number, in nature, in knowledge, in cunning, in courage, in energy, in endurance, in all the facilities and resources of warfare, except such as are furnished by the grace of God. With arms we vanquish human enemies: through wisdom, superhuman. With arms we vanquish external enemies: through wisdom, internal. With arms we vanquish visible enemies: through wisdom, invisible. With arms we vanguish mortal enemies: through wisdom, immortal. With arms we vanquish earthly enemies: through wisdom. heavenly principalities and powers dethroned and doomed. With arms we subdue provinces and subvert empires: through wisdom, overcome self, and bring our own rebellious nature under the government of God; and he who accomplishes this. saith Solomon, "is better than the mighty — than he that taketh a city." Alexander is said to have

conquered the world. Vain boast! The world was not half conquered. But "he that is born of God," St. John tells us, "overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Faith is the theological synonym of wisdom. Faith is the foundation of all true religion. Faith, wisdom, is real heroism. And it was through this the holy men of old achieved their splendid triumphs and won their immortal honors. And it is through this that the Christian still overcomes the world; overcomes its spirit; its false philosophy; its evil customs and fashions; its cunning strategy, and its open violence; the shallow sophistry of its unbelief, and the affected valor of its impiety; the fascination of its soft seductions, and all the fury of its fierce revenge. Faith, with Hope and Charity for its allies, sprinkled with "the blood of the Lamb," and bold in "the word of its testimony," with the eagle's eye and the lion's courage, goes forth to the holy conflict; and all the missiles of malice, ridicule and infidelity—as cannon balls by cotton bales—are effectually repelled by the meekness and gentleness of its spirit; and the enemy at length succumbs to the virtue that he finds invincible. This is real victory! This is the sublime triumph of wisdom!

We behold its superiority in the measures and motives of its warfare. Here is a perfect contrast. Arms triumph by physical force and energy: Wisdom prevails by the persuasiveness of truth, the gentleness of charity, the beauty of holiness, and the spirit of the Lord. The soldier seeks the aid of science

and strategy: Wisdom adheres to the simplicity of the Gospel, repudiating all art, concealment, disingenuous trickery, such as false colors, masked batteries, treacherous ambuscades, and challenges its enemies with an honest front upon the open field. The military hero is cheered on by the voice of popular applause: Wisdom has no admiring multitudes, seeks no encouragement from the world, but pursues its spiritual warfare in silence and in secret,

> " All unnoticed and unknown, Loved and prized by God alone."

There is much in "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" to stimulate the combatants: Wisdom has all the stern reality of the conflict, without any of its inspiring accompaniments—the martial strain. the glittering ranks, the floating banners, the roar of artillery,/the shout of charging squadrons, and the clash of resounding steel. The mailed knight of the battle held may gather strength from emulation: Wisdom knows no emulation but that of love and good/works-no fierce competition or contentious rivary-striving only to excel in kindness of heart, sweetness of temper, and the moral likeness of the Son of God. You may be encouraged to the conflict by the hope of gain: Wisdom has no expectation of earthly profit—no spoils to be won, no cities to be sacked, no mansions to be robbed, no bank vaults to be rifled; but it forsakes all to follow Christ, and is content to practice his daily self-denial. You may look forward to worldly distinctions and honors: Wisdom seeks no promotion short of the kingdom of

heaven-no fame of heroism, no record in history, no celebration in song, no decoration of stars and wreaths, no triumphal arches, nor monumental pillars, nor statues in the temples of the gods. Nay, the times have been when those noble heroes who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valliant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, though the world was unworthy of them, were deemed unworthy of the world; had trial of cruel mocking and scourging, of bonds and imprisonmonts; were tortured, not accepting deliverance; were tempted, stoned, burned, beheaded, crucified, sawn assunder; wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, and concealed themselves in dens and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented. "But Wisdom is justified of her children."

We discover its superiority in the certainty of its final success. Arms may fail for want of discipline and skill: Wisdom has drilled her soldiers, teaching their hands to war and their fingers to fight. Arms may fail for want of strength to wield them: Wisdom girdeth us with strength unto the battle; and nerved by her influence, the feeblest in our ranks can run through a troop and leap over a wall. Arms may fail for want of competent officers: Wisdom rejoices in the "Captain of the Lord's host," "the Lion of the tribe of Jubah," with his eyes of flame, his vesture dipped in blood, many crowns upon his head,

and a sharp two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth, followed by the armies of Heaven, going forth conquering and to conquer. Arms may fail for want of sufficient defenses: Wisdom is environed with "a wall of fire," a living circumvallation of seraphim and cherubim; and "the name of Jehovah is a strong tower, into which the righteous runneth and is safe." Arms may fail for want of timely reinforcements: Wisdom can call to her aid at any moment "twelve legions of angels;" and, could we see their splendid array, the mountain is continually aflame with the artillery and the cavalry of God. Arms may be rendered useless by the overwhelming forces of the foe: Wisdom leads "a great multitude that no man can number;" any one of whom can chase a thousand, and two can put ten thousand to flight; as Gideon, with his three hundred, routed and destroyed the myriads of Midian. You may be unsuccessful in battle from a variety of inevitable accidents: Wisdom never breaks her blade, nor bursts her musket, nor loses her bayonet, nor dismounts her artillery, nor drops a chance match into the magazine; and her batteries can never be stormed, nor her forces flanked, nor her trains captured, nor her ammunition exhausted, nor her officers out-generaled and circumvented by superior strategy. Your troops may lack the proper support of the government: Jehovah has pledged all His infinite resources to the aid of Wisdom in "the good fight of faith;" and His word shall not fail till heaven and earth pass away. Your hopes may perish upon the very verge

of victory: what soldier of Wisdom ever left the field without the spoils of a vanquished foe? "Yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." Success, therefore, is certain. "The victory is the Lord's, and He giveth it to whomsoever it pleaseth Him." Let the enemy boast, and rage, and threaten! "Who hath hardened himself against the Lord and prospered?" The sea shall drown them; the earth shall devour them; the fire of heaven shall consume them; the stars in their courses shall fight against them; or they shall perish at the blast of an angel's breath under the very walls of the city of God! However the line of battle may waver for a season, however the fortunes of the field may vacilate between victory and defeat, the word of God is sure, and Wisdom shall triumph at the last.

We recognize its superiority in the ineffable glory of its issues. "Lamentation and mourning and woe" follow the triumph of arms, and the land bewails the unreturning brave: the victories of Wisdom are universal blessings, cheering the earth and gladdening the skies; and wherever she prevails, the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose; and "the voice of salvation and praise is in the tabernacles of the righteous, saying. The right hand of the Lord is exalted! the right hand of the Lord docth valiantly!" The warrior may win a splendid spoil; and the capture of vast stores and precious treasures—the acquisition of cities, kingdoms, continents—may reward his valor: Wisdom "winneth souls"—more

costly than all the gems of Golconda, and all the gold of California—the most magnificent structures ever reared, and the most extensive empires ever formed. The victor may feel a proud gratification in his success, but it is necessarily mingled with much of unhappiness: the achievements of Wisdom afford "fulness of joy, and pleasures forevermore"-joy without any mixture of sorrow, pleasures without any interval of pain. The commendation of superiors and the applause of the multitude are often embittered to the conqueror by the envy of rivals and the malice of foes: but the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" of the Eternal Judge shall be re-echoed by the happy universe, and the saints and the seraphim shall compass you about with songs of deliverance, and every detractive tongue shall be shut up in the bottomless pit forever. History will record your heroism, eloquence will emblazon your victory, and poetry will perpetuate your praise; and the pencil, the chisel, the temple, the towering column, and triumphal arch, will transmit your fame to future generations: but the Christian's memorial is in the New Jerusalem, "the new heavens and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness"-" a new name, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it"a new creation, glowing with the image of its Creator, over which the morning stars shall sing together, and all the sons of God shall shout for joy The renown of your heroic deeds may fill the world and flourish over your grave: but Wisdom shall inherit "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The

brass will tarnish, and the marble will moulder, and the voice of the orator will go silent, and the minstrel shall sing no more in the sepulcher; but Wisdom's "praise is not of men, but of God;" "and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Pharaoh perished; but Moses is immortal. Ahab went down to the dust; but Elijah drove his steeds of flame through the sapphire firmament. Saul fell in his blood upon Gilboa; but the tuneful son of Jesse still leads the symphonies of the church in the wilderness, while the cherubim and the scraphim around the throne join in his choral hallelujahs. Egypt is a desert, and Babylon is a heap of ruins, and Nineveh looks sadly up from her ancient sepalcher by the Tigris, and the imperial Mother of Nations sits in melancholy widowhood upon the bank of the "Yellow Tiber;" but Joseph, and Daniel, and the captive Tobit, and "Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ," have found "a city of habitation," "whose builder and maker is God"-

"Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame, Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame!"

The Roman conqueror returned in triumph, with large display of spoils and prisoners; and a magnificent array went forth to meet him, and the populace rent the heavens with shouts of welcome, and the wall of the city was torn down for his entrance, and splendid offerings sparkled at his feet, and stately structures overarched his head, and rich odors per-

fumed the air, and sweet music enlivened the scene: O, who shall tell of Wisdom's coronation in the metropolis of the universe—the unnumbered millions of the ransomed, with palms and crowns and lutes, amid the radiance of angelic beauty too bright for mortal eyes, singing as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings unto Him that loved them and washed them in His blood!

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war." Are you satisfied? Then rally to the standard of Wisdom, join her forces, fight her battles, win her rewards, sing her transcendent glories, and share the blissful immunities and emoluments of her victorious veterans forever! Why do you hesitate? Are you afraid of the opinions or the speeches of others? O, for shame! You have plenty of martial courage; where is your moral courage? You can march up to the mouth of the cannon and rush upon the point of the bayonet; why quail you at the scoff of the infidel and the scorn of the blasphemer? Come out, come out, on the side of truth and righteousness! Enroll yourselves with the saints, under "the Captain of your salvation!" Defiant of earth and fearless of hell, put on your arms, and away to the field, and take part in the conflict, that you may have place in the coronation!

"Soldier, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses,

Turn no wishful eye of youth Where the sunny beam reposes.

Thou hast sterner work to do—
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind the gulphs are burning—

Forward! there is no returning.

"Soldier, rest—but not for thee Spreads the world her downy pillow; On the rock thy couch must be, While around thee chafes the billow:

Thine must be a watchful sleep,

Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.

Sleep as on the battle field—
Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

"Soldier, rise—the war is done:
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying!
'Twas thy God the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies

All the conquered land of glory;

Hark! what songs of rapture rise!

These proclaim the victor's story.

Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished!"